

THE MONTH

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JANUARY, 1885.

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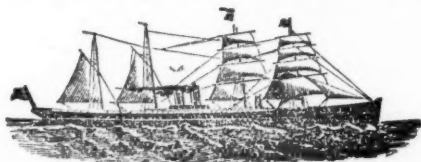
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Lord Ripon's Indian Administration.

THE close of Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty of India presents a fitting opportunity to measure the effects which the appointment of a Catholic to the most important trust under the British Crown has had upon those he has governed as well as upon the public at home. The question, though to a great extent a personal one, is not altogether so, and it may be advantageously considered from a point of view which regards the estimate of the religious side of such an appointment as formed by public opinion in India and in England, and the manner in which it has influenced, or is supposed to have influenced, the public acts of its holder. With regard to England little need be said. The announcement of Lord Ripon's nomination was received at first with a feeling of incredulous amazement, and the hostile criticism which under other circumstances it might have evoked, was attenuated or lost, in a political surprise which rivalled in its audacity and unexpectedness the most startling feat in the meteoric career of Lord Beaconsfield. That the author of *Vaticanism*, the sworn foe of Papal Aggression, in whose sounding periods the bondage of Catholic consciences and the disloyalty necessarily involved in such bondage, were denounced as a proximate danger to the nation, and as a bar to the employment of Catholics in positions of great trust, that so transcendent a champion of the Protestant cause should betray it by the nomination not only of a Catholic, but a convert, to the highest post in the gift of the Crown, in plain stultification of his deliberately expressed conviction, was too bewildering an inconsistency to leave any other feeling behind it than that of silent wonder.

With all Lord Beaconsfield's fearlessness it is probable that even he would not have ventured upon an act which would undoubtedly have brought upon his Government the greatest unpopularity, and upon himself the most unsparing abuse. Though a professed supporter of the Pro-

testantism of the Anglican Church, as his opposition to the Ritualists showed, there was abroad a floating suspicion of the sincerity of his professions of whatever nature, caused by a personality inscrutable to the matter of fact intelligence of the mass of Englishmen, and a contempt of that cant which is their popular idol. Much of the distrust with which he was regarded during the greater part of his career was due to his scorn of the phylacteries of the zealot and the public washing of pots and cups which is so comforting to the scribes of the law. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, fulfilled all the conditions which might condone so great an offence as Lord Ripon's nomination in the eyes of Protestant England. His undoubted orthodoxy, his grave and reverend exterior, his great and versatile gifts, joined to an eloquence sublime in its nebulous elevation and delivered with the inspired accents and fervid gestures of a prophet, have rendered him to the majority of the people the ideal of a Christian legislator. The acts of such a sage, however unintelligible to the worshipping multitude, are received with the silent acquiescence accorded to infallible wisdom. And so not without some mutterings of displeasure from bolder and irreverent malcontents, the long traditions of intolerance were broken through, and a Catholic Viceroy forbidden to Catholic Ireland was sent to govern England's great dependency *in partibus infidelium*.

He arrived in Bombay on June 1, 1880, with his private secretary, Chinese Gordon, whose secession from his chief's side was announced almost contemporaneously with his arrival. Various have been the surmises in explanation of the extraordinary letter addressed by Colonel Gordon to the Bombay Press. The impulsiveness and eccentricity of his character are now, of themselves, sufficient interpretation of any line of conduct he may be in the humour to adopt, but it is evident from the rugged benedictions which that letter contains, that the tribute of commendation rendered to his chief, was wrung from him by a rigid call of conscience, which his spirit, fearless of human reproof, could not disobey. "I have never met any one," he writes, "with whom I could have felt greater sympathy in the arduous task he has undertaken. God has blessed India and England in giving Lord Ripon the Viceroyalty. He will succeed in spite of all obstacles, for God is with him, and who shall stand against Him? Depend upon it in spite of all obstacles, great as they may be, that the

rule of Lord Ripon will be blessed, for he will rule in the strength of the Lord, not of man." From the lips of any other than the strange being who uttered them, such words would have been received with derision, but the transparent earnestness which informs them, the Puritan sternness of their utterer, the teaching of whose whole life has been opposed to the faith of the man on whose side he declares the God of battles to stand, seem to stamp them almost with the force of the vision that fell upon the son of Beor. Doubtless the simplest and in its general bearing, the true explanation of Colonel Gordon's retirement, was the fact of his own sense of his unfitness for the post he had accepted. Nothing, on the face of it, was more improbable than that a man of his energy and active habits, a soldier born, who had been a distinguished general and administrator, with undisputed sway over the lives and fortunes of millions, before other men obtain the command of a regiment, would trammel himself with the harassing and petty details of a dependent and subordinate office. Once face to face with the reality of the position he had consented to occupy, he cast it from him with the frank acknowledgment of his error and a generous acceptance upon himself of its entire responsibility.

His exculpation of Lord Ripon from any share in his action was not unneeded. Englishmen in India, though free to a large extent from the prejudices of their class in England against the Catholic faith, hesitated at first in their opinions regarding the new Viceroy. The novelty of the experiment was as much a source of wonder to them as it had been in England. The prevailing sentiment that found utterance in the Press was a disposition to take Lord Ripon on his merits as a statesman, regardless of his religious belief, arguing that the circumstances of British rule in India precluded the possibility of any dangerous influence arising from the profession by a Viceroy of any form of faith he might choose to adopt. But though the ghost of Guy Fawkes had lost its potency for alarm, and religious, if not civil, liberty was safer in India than in any part of the globe, a curiosity was more felt than expressed to observe the personal conduct of the first Catholic Governor General in his high office, towards his Church, and co-religionists, as well as towards his countrymen who were not of his faith. In spite of the terrors with which the great Elizabethan tradition has invested the Catholic Church in the eyes of Protestants, it has a peculiar fascination for them which

involuntarily arrests their attention. They expect more from it than from their own religion. They demand unconsciously a higher level of moral elevation in its professors than can be fostered by the worship of private judgment. In the fierce light that beats round even a Viceregal throne, any lapse in courtesy, any fault in judgment in dealing with its surroundings would have been taken as ominous forebodings of a rule so inauspiciously begun. Such a fact as the immediate resignation on arrival in India of an officer of his staff, who was on the most intimate relations with the Viceroy during the voyage, would, if unexplained, not unnaturally have given rise to the strangest rumours. It would have been doubtless said, that the private secretary had been directed to attend morning prayers, that he had been requested to make the sign of the Cross at grace in deference to the Viceroy's feelings, nay, that on one occasion he had been commanded to snuff out the candles after early Mass.

To this class of colloquial fables, Colonel Gordon's letter put an effectual stop, and his auguries of the Divine guidance over His chosen ruler, uttered as if his own eyes had beheld the pillar of cloud and fire, left conjecture aghast! Under these auspices began Lord Ripon's rule, and it seemed at first as if the fulfilment of his secretary's predictions followed upon the heels of his prophecy. The Afghan War, which had broken out afresh after the massacre of Sir Louis Cavagnari and his suite at Cabul, and had been left as a legacy to his successor by Lord Lytton, was prosecuted and concluded within the space of a few months with unexpected swiftness and success, and the decisive defeat of Ayyub by General Roberts was the first evidence of the good fortune that attended the new Viceroy. The reappearance of Ayyub to disturb the scarce-settled pacification of the border, threatened once more to plunge the Government into another war to support the tottering sovereignty of the Amir, but again the star of the Viceroy was in the ascendant, and the Amir, aided, not by English troops, but by the defection of his adversary's, secured to himself an undisputed dominion without the necessity for the advance of a single soldier beyond the British frontier.

At the other extremity of the peninsula, difficulties with Burmah had been for some time causing a tension between the Government of India and the Court of Mandalay, and materials for overt hostilities seemed less wanting than a leader to

conduct them with a chance of success. The King was a despot, sunk in every species of profligacy and shrinking from no crime. A suspicion of a conspiracy among his own household was followed by a wholesale slaughter of his relations who stood in too dangerous a proximity to the throne. The remonstrances of the Government of India were of no effect and for a time friendly communications were suspended. Subsequently renewed, it was made a matter of complaint by the Rangoon merchants that the establishment of monopolies by the King had so seriously interfered with the trade between the two countries that it was in danger of being absolutely crippled, and the Government was solicited to demand the abandonment of the obnoxious duties. A temperate protest forwarded to Mandalay by Lord Ripon appealing to the King's sense of his own interest in the continuation of active commercial relations and the mutual benefits to be derived from reciprocal services, was met by some of the Indian journals with contemptuous criticism. It was derogatory to the honour of the Government to come forward rather as a suppliant than as a great power, and to petition rather than demand from a barbarous prince, the suppression of restrictions injurious to its commerce. The alternative of a mere suppression of friendly relations could have no influence on a being whose will was law and who thought more of insulting the English Government than of benefitting his own people. Of what use was such a protest save to give the King another opportunity of showing his contempt for the power that had addressed him?

Such were the comments on the action of Lord Ripon, and they met with the common fate of journalistic prophecies. A courteous letter was received from the King, acknowledging his obligations to the British Government, and the monopolies were suppressed. This unexpected result excited in the Press a surprise at the happy fortune which seemed to wait, in spite of all adverse anticipation, on the Viceroy's measures, and the counsels of menace and hostile action were quietly put aside. Again the finances of India for years past, owing to a combination of unfavourable circumstances, had been burdened with a recurring deficit. The close of the financial year, the first of Lord Ripon's rule, showed a surplus over expenditure and a favourable prospect of continuous improvement, which up to the present time has been firm and constant. There is no doubt that this was due,

as Major Baring at the time announced, to the exertions and foresight of his predecessors, nevertheless that the change should have taken place precisely at the time when the credit or good luck of it attached to the new administration, was curiously in accordance with the steady prosperity that had continuously followed it. Since the year 1871, India had been visited by an almost annual recurrence of bad seasons. The two following years had been years of famine. In the first of these, the cry raised in England that it was the stern duty of the Government to allow no human being to perish for want of food, influenced Sir Richard Temple, then Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, to such an extent, that money was lavished with both hands in the payment of extravagant rates for carriage, which resulted in making the fortunes of contractors and filling the rich with good things without benefitting the hungry. In the second, the drain on the finances by this extravagant process in the former season, had been so heavy that the *Times* discovered the impropriety of a principle on which it had formerly insisted, and it now maintained that there was a limit to expenditure by the State even in the saving of human life, and that individual exertion and the resources of private enterprise must take their due share in stemming the disaster. Following the lead of English opinion this principle was carried out by the Government of Bengal, and the treasury was husbanded with as much thrift as it had before been recklessly squandered. The steady visitation of scarcity in one or other part of India was now considered as an event so assured that a special provision was made in the Budget as an insurance fund to meet the unavoidable expenditure on this head, and it was so employed until the needs of the Afghan campaign during the interval of a respite from a year of scarcity caused the scandal of the transfer of the fund, under the plea or pressure of necessity, from famine to war.

Lord Ripon's good genius attended him in warding off this enemy during his term of office. A season of plenty accompanied his advent and flourishing crops and thriving industries have continued to wait on him instead of "lean famine and quartering steel"—the attendants of his predecessor. It seemed as if this uninterrupted prosperity was to be avenged by the Nemesis of bodily suffering, for he was attacked during his first residence at Simla by a wasting fever and was detained at Allahabad on his way to Calcutta, where he lay for some time in a precarious state. But this danger proved to his advantage, for

it elicited a public expression of sympathy that was universal and sincere. Rallying from his sickness he arrived at Calcutta, and at an early date—too early for his feeble health—he held his first *levée* at the capital. His medical attendant, in view of the hazard to which he exposed himself by the fatigue of standing through this long ceremony, strongly advised his sitting during at least some portion of it, but fearing lest this yielding to physical distress might be construed by some ignorant of its cause into a want of courtesy towards those who were introduced to him, he resolutely kept his feet until the long procession had ended. One of his predecessors, without his excuse, and wearied with incessant bowing, had on one occasion checked the stream of visitors and with a careless nonchalance refreshed himself in the throne-room with the fragrant respite of a cigarette, while the long train of the *levée* imprecated and shivered outside on the steps of Government House. The contrast is striking and instructive, and shows how often actions which index the motives from which they spring and are evidence of the constant influence of those motives on character, are too often forgotten when the pendulum of popular favour swings to the farther side.

The religious creed of a Viceroy is brought into such little prominence before those over whom he rules, save in what concerns the example that his manner of life affords and its accordance with the standard of conduct demanded by his religious professions, that, except for the fact of his publicly attending one particular church rather than another, it would be generally unknown and unheeded. The exactitude with which the obligations of a Catholic rule of life were unobtrusively fulfilled in the instance under consideration were observed and commented upon, and it is amusing to relate that it was remarked with some wonder how on his arrival from Bombay at Allahabad on a hot Sunday morning in June, the Viceroy drove straight from the railway station, not to the house prepared for his reception, but to Mass at the Catholic Church. The conscientious adoption of any belief, however unpopular, accompanied by a consistent carrying out of a line of conduct required by it, must always command respect, and if guided by the fact inculcated in the Pauline precept that lawful things are not always expedient, must in the end disarm hostility. There was nothing to be witnessed in the Catholic ruler of India that could in any way offend the prejudices of the sternest Protestant, and the only objection that could be raised to such an appointment was the

loss of prestige to the Anglican Church through the absence of the Viceroy from her ceremonials and its transfer to an envied rival. From another point of view it might also be regarded as injuring her missionary prospects, and benefitting those of the Catholic Church in the eyes of a meek and conservative people long accustomed to regard their rulers as another aspect of their duties, and ready to reverence, if not to accept, their manner of life and belief as that of beings of a superior order. That the Church itself however has benefitted to any appreciable extent in India, by what might appear to the natives of the country as its patronage in high places after its long exclusion from the semblance of outward power, is certainly not easy to maintain. In the way of facilitating conversion it could have little or no effect at all. The difficulties in the way of a native's acceptance of Christianity are far greater than would be supposed by those who have small acquaintance with their habits of thought or little actual experience of the conditions under which such conversions occur. In the large towns throughout the peninsula the spread of education, especially of high education in the Government Colleges, has naturally sapped beliefs which rested on the mythical Hindu theogony, on the hideous idolatries of deities red with the blood and decked with the skulls of human victims, on chronologies of reigns of a million years, and geographies of seas of milk and of seas of butter. To minds thus reft of every vestige of a once unquestioned faith and desirous of filling the void with a creed to which reason might assent and heart cling with unwavering confidence, the claims of the Catholic Church would have presented themselves with overpowering force, could they have been viewed unobscured by the shadows of the sects that surround her.

But the curse of the Reformation follows in the wake of England's colonies and conquests, and the mother country ever bequeaths to her children the fearful legacy of her shattered faith. On every side of the pagan in India who is seeking amidst the wreck of his prostrate gods for the light that is to guide his darkened soul, arise the countless temples of the sects that confuse him by their clamour and render mute the voice of the Infallible—the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Methodist Episcopal Mission, the Baptist Mission, the American Baptist Mission, the German, the Lutheran, the Wesleyan, the United Presbyterian, the Welsh, the Bengal Evangelistic Missions, appeal

to him each as the sole depository of the truth. It is not to be wondered at that, deafened by the noise of these eager bidders for his soul, he should prefer to wait until his chances, when choosing blindfold, should be more favourable than twelve to one against his choosing rightly. The schools and colleges of India yearly pour forth hundreds of accomplished unbelievers. Learned in the culture of Europe, versed in the philosophical and religious controversies which flood modern periodical literature, armed with the latest sophisms against dogmatic forms of faith, and the latest denials of the need of any faith whatever, the student leaves his University to sink back through family pressure into a hypocritical conformity with the rites of a religion which he despises, or into the open profession of disbelief. He points with unanswerable cogency to the divisions among Christians themselves, nay, to the very rejection of Christianity by the leaders of thought among them, and bids them evangelize their own people and enforce their teaching by example.

Even were the difficulties in the way of ascertaining the truth less insurmountable than they are, the estrangement which is gradually but surely widening between the white and coloured races tends to increase them a hundred-fold. To effect this estrangement many causes have concurred which at first sight might have been expected to produce a different result. Greater rapidity of communication between England and India, the introduction of European customs of social intercourse, of modes of recreation, of travel, and even of dress among the higher classes of natives, and the wider diffusion of the English language among them, instead of being the means of amalgamating the races, have, by filling the minds of the younger generation with extravagant notions of their own intellectual stature, produced in them a feeling of antagonism to the physical force which they consider unduly represses their ambition. Added to these causes, is perhaps the most powerful of all—the difference of colour, which, let philosophers and philanthropists argue as they will, is an insuperable obstacle to equality of social consideration, the feeling of superiority being as innate in the white man as that of inferiority is in the coloured. This is an ethnological fact, and it is not effaced nor suppressed, but emphasized in those instances of heroic charity which are triumphs of grace in the supernatural order, and, as such, are confirmations of that fact as strong as Holy Writ can make them. This is felt more particularly when questions of inter-

marriage arise which point the objections in their acutest form. And so it comes to pass that though Englishmen and natives of India of corresponding classes of society may meet, in friendly intercourse, and even entertain, in some instances, feelings of mutual and sincere regard, yet, for the most part, these courtesies are superficial, and tolerable only because they are infrequent.

Hence a native desirous of adopting Christianity may well stand aghast at the consequences of his proposed step. Doubtful and wavering in his choice among so many creeds, morally certain of interdiction from fire and water by his own class whichever he chooses, equally convinced that he will find no compensation in the welcome of his adopted brethren; rejected by one, unaccepted by the other, without the certitude of consolation in that love for which the world's scorn and hate are cheerfully braved, is it to be wondered at, that he shrinks from the slow martyrdom of the pariah for the problematical bliss of the Christian's heaven? In the remoter villages, where a primitive simplicity of life is happily untroubled by the plagues of religious disunion which punish the disbelief of more advanced communities, these obstacles to conversion diminish materially in number and force, and it is among these that the future triumphs of the Church must be won, but to them the personality, and even the name of their ruler is unknown and his influence for good or evil absolutely unfelt. Whole Christian villages there exist, the germs it may be, of large centres of population and of flourishing towns in the years to come, which contain the active vital principle of their own progress within themselves, and which, under the blessing of God, in the union of one faith and the culture of the undivided moral and mental nature of man, may become cities set on hills to be lights to the Gentiles of the East, or like the leaven which is to work among the measures of meal until the whole is leavened.

But education among the urban population, deprived, as it has been seen, of the influence of religion, without which it is shorn of half its power for good and gains enormous increase in its potentialities for evil, has but made of peaceable and ignorant idolaters, dangerous sowers of discontent. Lord Macaulay, in one of his letters from India, is full of the effect of this education on the country. "No Hindu," he says "who has received an English education ever remains sincerely attached to his religion. Some continue to profess it as a matter of policy, but many profess themselves pure deists, and some embrace

Christianity. There will not be a single idolater among the respectable classes in Bengal thirty years hence, and this will be effected without any efforts to proselytize, merely by the natural operation of knowledge and reflection. I heartily rejoice at the prospect." To one by whom the Catholic religion of the nineteenth century could be described in no better terms than those which Tacitus applied to the Christianity of the first, the mere acquisition of secular knowledge might seem a sufficient make-weight for the loss or absence of any creed whatever. But it is to be doubted if even he would have been content with the issue of the remedy which was to regenerate India, had he lived to witness it. That the native Press should be primed with disaffection, and break out into daily abuse of the power upon whose forbearance it presumes, ought not, perhaps, to be a matter of astonishment. What Philip the Fifth of Macedon said of the Thessalians in the words of Livy, that "they wantonly abused the indulgence of the Roman people, too greedily drinking strong draughts of liberty after a long thirst, and thus, in the manner of slaves set free beyond their hopes, gave a loose to their voices and tongues and boasted of their insults and invectives against their masters"—may be repeated with equal truth of the natives of India. Unaccustomed liberty has grown into wild license which the consciousness of impunity through the large tolerance of English Rule, renders daily more rabid and insulting.

The late ferment produced by the opposition of the English in India to what is known as the Ilbert Bill has intensified the antagonism between the two races to a large extent. The true history of that Bill will probably never be written, through the anxiety of some connected with its introduction to minimize or repudiate their responsibility, and through the honour and reticence of others, more charitable in regard to the reputation of their neighbours than interested in the defence of their own. Mr. Buckle in his *History of Civilization in England* observes that nearly all politicians exaggerate the value of political remedies, and that whenever they attempt great good they invariably inflict great harm. Over-action on one side produces reaction on the other, and the balance of the fabric is disturbed. By the shock of conflicting interests the scheme of life is made insecure. New animosities are kindled, old ones are embittered, and the natural jar and discordance are aggravated, simply because politicians cannot be

brought to understand that in dealing with a great country, they have to do with an organization so subtle, so extremely complex, and withal so obscure, as to make it highly probable that whatever they alter in it, they will alter wrongly, and that while their efforts to protect or strengthen its particular parts are extremely hazardous, it does undoubtedly possess within itself a capacity of repairing its injuries, and that to bring such capacity into play, time and freedom are required. These considerations apply with peculiar relevancy to the existing state of affairs in India. English rule and English education are silently working vast changes in the social and political life of that country. The forces which underlie their surface are Titanic in potency, and the disturbance of any part of the machinery of Government that moves without perceptible friction, save at the call of strict necessity, is liable to be attended with disastrous consequences. To unsettle a present harmony with the excellent motive of providing against future difficulties, is a perilous experiment under any circumstances, and under those of the present relations between the two races in India its effect has been already witnessed.

It is not the object of the present paper to enter into a discussion on the merits of the Ilbert Bill, or to decide upon whom the reproach or praise of its introduction lies—in any case, not with Lord Ripon, into whose council it was thrown like a charge of dynamite by a departing Lieutenant-Governor and exploded to the touch. But its incidental mention is imperative in order to account for the unpopularity which it brought upon the responsible head of the Government of India. Fierce as was the storm that burst upon Lord Ripon, constant as were the misrepresentations, the absurd and idle calumnies of which he has since been the frequent victim, it is doubtful if he suffered in that respect as much as fell to Lord Macaulay's share on the passing of what was known as the Black Act. His biographer, Mr. Trevelyan, says that Macaulay's cheery and robust common sense carried him through an ordeal which has broken down sterner natures than his and embittered as stainless lives. The same qualities in Lord Ripon will enable him to forgive and forget the obloquy that he endured, as they have enabled him to bear it without a thought of self-redress at the expense of others, or uttering a word which might regain the favour of his countrymen in India at the sacrifice of loyalty to his convictions or to the duties of his great trust. The disfavour into which he

fell was, however, altogether connected with that piece of legislation, and it must be said to the credit of the good common sense of his opponents that no scoffs against the faith he professed were suffered in the public Press, to add venom to other accusations. This disgrace was reserved for *The Times* alone, which with an unreasoning bigotry happily becoming rare even to it, stooped to add personal insult to hostile criticism of political acts. The expression of this feeling in India however, made itself evident for a brief space in the publication of the Government minute on the Anglican Church Establishment in that country.

This question, which did not affect the existence of the Establishment, but concerned a modification of its strength in accordance with the altered circumstances of the time, had occupied the attention of previous Viceroys, but by an accident it fell to Lord Ripon and his Council to furnish the Secretary of State for India with a summary of the correspondence, and the opinion which the Government entertained regarding it. The council were divided—the Viceroy, Mr. Ilbert, and Major Baring on one side—the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Stuart Bayley, General Wilson, and Mr. Hope on the other. The agreement of the three former in their political views and their adherence to the Liberal party were well known. The general feeling among the English in India is, on the contrary, hotly Conservative. The question itself was not of much importance, and the fact that the Viceroy's vote on the side of retrenchment in the number of chaplains, which of course commanded the entire sympathy of the native Press, was backed by those of two of the ablest of his Council with whose religious opinions he had nothing in common, left the imputation of personal antagonism to the Anglican Church as the motive of his action, of all its significance, if not of all its malice. It was necessary to find some other weapon of attack, and the political opinions of the extreme left of the party to which the Viceroy belonged, were adduced as those which he came out to champion. Charged to his finger-tips with Radicalism, disturbing old institutions under the guise of a reform which was not needed, introducing the theoretical speculations of political sciolists, as motors of unknown and untried force into the delicate machinery of a system of government not adapted to receive them, a devoted apostle of Mr. Gladstone pledged to deliver in the East the teaching of his master in the West, aspiring

to leave by some startling change an impress of his rule which might otherwise be unremembered, and seeking his final reward in the honours of a dukedom, these were the heads of the indictment against one, the whole interests of whose order, whose public acts and words, whose patriotism, thoroughly English public spirit, and attachment to constitutional forms were opposed to the first counts of the charge, and whose simple and unostentatious life should have been a complete vindication against the last.

On one subject this Viceroy's views were universally approved, and perhaps for the reason that on it and on it alone he seemed to dissociate himself from the professions of the Radical politicians with whom on other matters he was supposed to sympathize. This subject was education, and on this he was acknowledged to speak with all the authority of a master. The divorce of religion from instruction no Catholic can approve, and although obvious circumstances render such a course necessary in the Colleges of India, exclusively attended as they are by the natives of the country, it may be safely stated that not one purely undenominational Christian school exists throughout the Peninsula.

The utterances of the Viceroy on this subject were, therefore, accepted with unqualified approval, and not only by the European element of the population, but by native opinion. The orthodox Hindoos would gladly, if they could, avail themselves of a scheme of education where the Vedantic doctrines and Brahminical ceremonial might be expounded and inculcated side by side with western science, though they probably entertain strong doubts of the compatibility of the two. The Mahomedans would no less gladly welcome schools where the curriculum of infidel learning might be tempered and enlightened by Koranic exegesis and the prophetic traditions. Frequently has the Viceroy in his public addresses urged upon the wealthier native gentry the foundation of institutions similar to those which in England we owe to the munificence of prelates, statesmen and scholars, to Wolsey, to Chichele, to Sutton, to Sir Thomas Pope, to Sir Thomas Whyte, to William of Wykeham and William of Durham, such beautiful homes of learning as those which still witness to the taste and culture of Adam de Brom, which charm the world with their beauty in the cloisters of Waynflete, or still keep alive the name and memory of Walter de Merton. But however approv-

ingly these counsels have been heard, they fructify little in the hearts of their hearers who applaud the sentiment and forget the moral. Useless thousands are lavished on caprices as changeful as the hours; and sums that would build Eton or Charterhouse are squandered on senseless extravagance or on some costly sham, on subsidizing a circus or celebrating the nuptials of a favourite cat. Honourable exceptions there undoubtedly are—and, as these words are written, the proposed munificent foundation of a College by the Rajah of Bhownagger at an annual maintenance charge of fifty thousand rupees, is one of the most brilliant—but the foundation of a few chairs and the maintenance of some hundred poor scholars, speaking generally, are insignificant instances of public spirit when contrasted with the vast sums that are hoarded or dissipated by the avarice or luxury of the wealthy.

Not on the subject of education alone, however, has Lord Ripon won the estimation of the natives of India. The popularity which he lost with his own countrymen by his sacrifice, as they considered, of their interests—in more precise language, by placing those interests on a level with the legitimate claims of the few native civilians who aspire to take part in the government of their own country—was naturally transferred in twofold measure to those for whom that sacrifice was suffered to have been made. The incense of the native Press has risen in clouds of extravagant encomium more suited to a doxology than to the measurable deserts of human kind. *Namque crit ille mihi semper deus* was literally the motto of the journals of Bengal. It is needless to say that the praise was as little sought in the latter instance as the disfavour was expected or deserved in the former, but in neither the one nor the other were aught but purely political considerations concerned. The fact that Lord Ripon is a Catholic, has been in all probability the principal cause of the hostility of the *Times* to his policy, though that policy has received the continuous and warm support of a Liberal Government, but in India that fact has certainly far from injured him in the eyes of the natives, the educated among whom hold Catholicism to be pre-eminently the only religion which believers in a revelation cannot successfully assail, a religion which they have familiarly known by its presence among them since St. Francis Xavier added India to the conquests of the Cross and the tradition of which extends far back beyond Xavier to a greater Apostle and a more illustrious name. And if among

his countrymen in the East, Lord Ripon's religious opinions have in any way rendered keener the virulence of opposition, the motive has, at all events, been studiously concealed, and their dissatisfaction has been ostensibly based upon the wisdom or timeliness of certain measures of reform. This is a decided gain, and a lesson which England may well learn from the settlers in her Eastern Empire. Lord Ripon may hope in future years to be judged with impartiality, when the passions which were lately evoked have calmed down, or when the measure that aroused them reappears, as it will certainly in a more pronounced form in the generation to come. The task of a Viceroy is no light one, and he who undertakes the Government of India may possibly be assured of such rewards as accompany or follow the consciousness of duty faithfully done. But if, fired with the imagined charm of a proconsulate in the East, where the romance of a life among strange and historic races is heightened by varied scenery in wild, luxuriant and stupendous forms, by wondrous temples and mysterious rites chanted in language as ancient as the world, by the picturesque grace of Oriental types of race and costume, by all the barbaric glories and poetic glamour of the fairyland of story, he thinks to realize this pageant of his brain and enjoy untroubled the applause and blessings of submissive peoples, rude will be the awakening. He will soon learn at what sacrifice the shadowy honour is purchased, and how far the reality falls short of the glory of the dream.

H. S. JARRETT.

The "Mignonette" Case as a Question of Moral Theology.

CASUISTRY is a name which is not in good odour among ordinary Protestant Englishmen. It is supposed to connote a system of theological quibbling, and subtle, hair's-breadth distinctions which tend to pervert the moral sense. It has the character of refining and distinguishing and dividing and subdividing again, until right and wrong become mingled together, and the gulf which separates them is, unhappily, hidden out of sight. Yet from time to time cases present themselves which vindicate the science of casuistry, which thrust in upon the reluctant eyes of men the fact that, though it is true on the one hand that a wide and impassable gulf separates right from wrong, yet on the other the distinction between an action right and good, and one which is wrong and evil, is often in truth the distinction of a hair's breadth, one which mere common sense and the judgment of the untrained moralist are quite unable to discern.

Such cases are brought now and again before our law courts. The *Mignonette* case is a good instance of them. Three able-bodied seamen and a boy of seventeen are cast away in an open boat on the high seas, more than one thousand miles from land. For the first three days they subsist on two pound tins of turnips which they have rescued from the wreck. On the fourth day they catch a small turtle, which lasts until the twelfth day. Meanwhile their only drink is such scanty rain as they can catch in their oilskin capes. On the twelfth day the turtle is all gone, and for the next six days not a morsel passes their lips. The pangs of hunger grow fiercer and fiercer, and the thirst more and more intolerable. The poor boy is less able to endure than the older men, and increases his agony by drinking the salt sea-water. On the eighteenth day one of the three men makes signs to the others that the boy must die to save the lives of the rest. One of his companions assents to the proposal,

the other nobly resists it. Two days more without food or drink pass over their heads. The boy lies prostrate and dying in the bottom of the boat. The men are maddened with the pangs of ravening hunger, and at length, after praying for forgiveness for the deed they are about to do, they cut the poor boy's throat, and for the next three days feed upon his flesh. On the fourth day they are rescued by a passing vessel and brought safe home to England. They make no attempt to conceal their crime (if crime it be), are arrested and tried on a charge of murder. The jury, unable to decide in their own minds whether such an act committed under such circumstances be murder or not, pass a special verdict, and the question is referred to the Court of Queen's Bench. Counsel for the prisoners is heard, but the five judges are unanimous that the crime of murder has been committed, and that, by the English law, the men must be condemned to death.

Now a crime can only be committed by one who is morally responsible and knows that the act he is about to do is not merely illegal but immoral, opposed not merely to the law of the land, but also to the moral law. There are many illegal acts which are in no sense crimes. The law violated may be one which is desirable and necessary for the general good of the community, but nevertheless the violation may involve no moral culpability, and the violator in this case in no way deserves the name of criminal. There are many sanitary regulations and rules laid down by the Education Department which are excellent in their practical results, but no reasonable man would say that it was in itself a crime to set them at naught in a case where no evil effects would follow over and above the violation of the law. There is a law forbidding the cultivation of tobacco, but it would be hard to brand a man as a criminal because he grew and manufactured his own cigars. The importation of the Tauchnitz edition of English classics is strictly forbidden by law, but we do not regard it as a crime to smuggle through a few volumes, so long as no false declaration is made by their importer. This difference between the law of the State and the moral law must necessarily exist always and everywhere, but the better a country's laws, the more perfect is their harmony with the independent law of conscience. When laws are passed persecuting religion or sanctioning some practice opposed to the natural law, misfortune awaits the unhappy land where they are enacted. In an ideal State there would be no strictly

penal laws. They are a necessity of human imperfection. But the fewer the better, as they are prone to vex the consciences of men and cause them to account as culpable that which is not really so.

It is the boast of English law that it is based on the firm foundation of the moral law, so that an English judge, in expounding the traditional law of England, is conscious that he is standing on the solid ground of the principles of right and wrong. There are, of course, some recent enactments, such as the legalizing of divorce, which all Catholics and some Protestants regard as exceptions to this rule. There are many statutes in practice, happily obsolete, coming down from the times of persecution, which are a blot upon the statute book of England. But taking it in general, English law may be regarded as echoing the law of nature. This gives it a great interest in the eyes of the moral theologian when it comes forward to pronounce its verdict on an act like that of the shipwrecked mariners of the *Mignonette*. He compares its decision, based on precedent, with the decision which moral theology would pronounce, based on the first principles of morality. He notes with interest how a just verdict is reached, although the reasons adduced do not appear in his eyes to be altogether correct, or the parallel cases adduced to be exact parallels. In the present case, he finds a special interest on account of the great importance of the issues which are at stake, and the necessary narrowness of the lines which separate an act that is lawful from one which brands him who does it with the brand of Cain.

The question before the English judges was whether, in order to save your own life, you may lawfully take the life of another, when that other is neither attempting nor threatening your own, nor is guilty of any illegal act whatever. This question is answered by Lord Coleridge on grounds of precedent. I propose to answer it on the grounds of moral theology.

The general principle laid down by moral theologians is, that as God alone is the Giver of life, so He alone, or one who acts as His representative on earth, has the right to take life away. Our own lives and the lives of others are equally the sacred property of God, and under no possible circumstances is it lawful to put before ourselves the death of others as an end for us to attain. Even where a man is attacked by a highway-

man or similar unjust aggressor, he ought not, says St. Thomas,¹ to direct his intention to the death of his opponent, but only to such measures of self-defence as are necessary to preserve his life or goods against the violent assailant. Even when he knows that the blow inflicted will of necessity be a mortal one, his desire must not be for the death of his opponent for its own sake, but he must only consent to it as the necessary means of his own personal safety. If by disabling him, or throwing him into a state of prolonged insensibility, the same end could be attained, he ought, if he reflects on the matter at all, to prefer this to killing him outright. At the same time it is lawful to inflict in such a case a wound in itself mortal, where this is the only practical means of escape from the difficulty, only it must be always without the inherent malice of death intended to another.

But when we come to the case of one who is not an unjust aggressor on our life or property, we must go further than this. We must not only not desire his death in itself, but we must never perform any external act directly calculated to produce death. We may, in the case of the unjust aggressor, inflict a mortal wound, knowing that it is mortal, but in the case of the innocent, such an act is in every case the crime of murder, and under all possible circumstances unlawful and unjustifiable. Even if the lives of a thousand valuable members of a community could be saved by giving an overdose of morphia to one poor old man, tortured by agonizing pain, who must, in the ordinary course of things, die within a few hours, such an act would be the crime of murder, and he who was guilty of it would justly deserve to die. No possible advantages to be gained by such an act would either justify or altogether excuse it: not if it were to save millions from endless misery, or, if it were possible, to bring back to the paths of virtue all the most degraded of mankind. Where the means are in themselves sinful, the end to be gained cannot possibly justify them. To take away by any direct act of ours the life of an innocent man is in itself sinful. Hence such an act can never be justified by the end in view.

Such is the verdict of moral theology, exactly agreeing with the decision based on English law. The slaying of the poor boy in the *Mignonette* case was an act in itself, and under all possible circumstances, unlawful. It could not by any skillful

¹ St. Thomas, *Summa Theol.* 2a. 2æ. 64. 7 in corp.

ingenuity be brought under the category of self-defence. There was no question of repelling force by force. The external act was one directly tending to produce death, and therefore the saving of the lives of the other survivors could not under any possible circumstances justify it.

But when we pass on to the parallel cases cited by Lord Coleridge, and the decisions of various authorities among the most learned and illustrious of English judges, we must presume leave to take exception to some of the instances adduced as being not really to the point, and even in one or two cases at variance with the dictates of the moral law.

As a parallel to the case which is being discussed, the case is quoted of two shipwrecked men on a plank quite insufficient to support both. In order that they may not both perish, one of them pushes the other off into the water, and thus saves his own life at the expense of his fellow-passenger. Now Lord Coleridge draws no distinction between such an act as this and the slaying of a companion in order that his dead body may serve for food. Here it is that the moral theologian joins issue with the English lawyer. There is a difference between the two cases which destroys altogether the value of the parallel. In the one case the action performed is not of itself productive of death. The ousted tenant of the plank may conceivably swim for an hour or so, and within that time a welcome sail may appear on the horizon just in time to save his life. In the other case the action performed is in itself productive of death. No supervening *Deus ex machina* can save the poor boy's life when the knife is once thrust into his throat. In the one case, again, the man who pushes the other off the plank does not make his death a means to the end he has in view. All that he desires is to get rid of him. If he can save himself by swimming, or light on some other plank unnoticed before, so much the better. In the other case, the man who cuts the boy's throat necessarily makes his death a means to the end in view. He cannot serve for food until he is dead.

The cases therefore are not parallel, and we cannot argue from the lawfulness of the one to the lawfulness of the other. If it is not a crime to push the man off the plank, it does not the least follow that it is not a crime to cut his throat. Even if all the judges in Christendom declared it lawful to monopolize the means of safety at another's expense, this would not the least justify the direct slaying of another to serve as food for the

slayer. It might indeed have strengthened the decision as an *a fortiori* argument, that if the former was criminal in the opinion of English judges, much more was the latter. If a man were a murderer who deprived another of the supporting plank, much more was one a murderer who cut his throat. But it was not in this sense that it was brought forward.

Lord Coleridge mentions with approbation, in connection with the case of the plank, the decision given in the American courts, and quoted by Mr. Justice Stephen in his *Digest of Wharton on Homicide*, that sailors had no right to throw passengers overboard to save themselves. The alternative which the American court declared to be right and justifiable was a ballot determining who were to be sacrificed for the safety of the rest; but this is a method of selection which in practice would be a failure and in theory is unsound. The consent of a man to be thrown overboard does not make it a lawful act on the part of those who perform it, if it is otherwise unlawful, and though by voluntarily casting themselves into the sea those whom the ballot had condemned would solve the difficulty, the average run of men would never be induced to an act which in some cases would be one of heroic courage and in others of quite unwarrantable self-destruction. Every one honours as a hero the Russian servant who, when his master's carriage was attacked by wolves, and all the horses save one had been cut loose on the chance of thus diverting the pursuers, at last himself leaped down into the midst of the hungry pack, and so enabled his master to escape. But such an act is one which altogether exceeds the powers of average human nature. Perhaps in most cases master and servant would have remained together, and together would have perished.

If, however, the master had thrust the servant off, or the servant the master, would the act have been a crime, supposing it to have been calmly and deliberately done? It might have been mean, selfish, dastardly, utterly unworthy of a brave man, but would it have been criminal or deserving of punishment? Could we brand him who committed it with the name of murderer? Or again, if we vary the case a little, and suppose the master to have taken out his pistol and shot his servant, either with or without his consent, and then tossed his dead body to the ravening beasts, would he be justified by the necessity of the situation, supposing that he was practically certain that by that means and no other could he effect his escape?

This affords an excellent illustration of the moral principle I am seeking to establish in the present paper. I must again remind my readers that though it is as a question of moral that I am discussing it, yet it is a strictly legal view that I am taking. I am not considering what course of action would be praiseworthy in the eyes of God and man, but whether a certain given course of action can be excused from positive criminality. I am seeking to minimize the obligation in benefit of the supposed defendant, and to acquit him, if he can possibly be acquitted, conformably with the eternal laws of right and wrong.

Now the case admits of three possible varieties in the intention and action of the person who saves himself at the expense of his fellow-passenger.

(1) He may thrust him from the carriage, because he sees that it is impossible that they can both be saved. One horse alone remains, and though he could outstrip the wolves if he has but his master sitting behind him, yet the double weight of master and servant prevents the possibility of escaping from them. In this case the intention of the master in thrusting off his servant is to lighten the carriage. He does not intend directly the death of his servant; on the contrary, he laments and deplors it. He will rejoice with all his heart if the man can keep the wolves at bay till help shall come, but at the same time he knows that his death will, unless a miracle be performed, inevitably ensue.

(2) He may thrust him from the carriage in order that the servant may draw aside the pack of wolves from the pursuit of the carriage, in order that they may attack and devour this fresh victim. Here the case is a little altered. In this case we suppose the speed of the carriage not to be altered by the lightened weight. It is the death of the servant which is to be the means to the master's safety; it is because the wolves will for a time be occupied in regaling themselves upon his body that the carriage will be able to escape. If the wolves were not to fall upon him and devour him, the end would not be gained; if by a miracle he were to vanish from their sight, the intention of the master would be frustrated; they would pursue the carriage as before, and he would fall a victim to their hunger, just as he would if his servant were still by his side.

(3) He may, either from supposed motives of humanity, or to prevent resistance on the part of the servant, shoot him

through the head, and then toss his body to the wolves. He does not desire his servant's death *in itself*, but he does desire and intend it as the only possible means to attain the end he has in view of saving his own life.

Are we to condemn each and all of these actions as criminal? Lord Coleridge and the English lawyers would apparently regard them as all identical, to be excused perhaps, but never to be justified by supposed necessity. The moralist, on the other hand, asserts a distinction of no small importance between them, in accordance with the principles we have already stated, and which in the present case may be easily discerned.

In the first case, where there is no possibility of their both escaping, and a practical certainty that the lightened weight will enable the master to escape, the moralist declares the act done to be free from the guilt of a deliberate murder. It does not follow that because it is base and cowardly and unworthy, that it is therefore a crime. There are many acts which are not criminal which nevertheless involve a baseness which revolts us from those who perform them. A man may deserve to be ostracized from the society of his fellow-men, who does not deserve, according to the laws of justice, to be imprisoned or put to death; and on the other hand, it is quite possible that a man may be sentenced, and justly sentenced, to imprisonment and even to death, for an act in itself meritorious and praiseworthy.

The second case is different from the first in nothing but the intention present to the mind of the doer. Here the actual death of the servant is, in the mind of the master, to be the means of his own safety. Unless the servant dies, and so delays the wolves, the master will not escape. Such an intention is in itself unlawful, inasmuch as it falls, primarily and directly upon the death of the innocent person. The end to be gained cannot justify the guilty means. It is true that in practice only the skilled moralist would advert to the difference between the lawful and unlawful motive, but I point it out for the sake of the principle involved. In the external tribunal it may not be possible to make any difference between the two cases, since the external act is the same in each, and it is not easy to discover, from the external circumstances, the intention present to the mind of the doer. But in judging whether an act is a crime, it is necessary for the moralist to look into the thoughts of him who performs it. Here lies the

difference between morality and law to which the Lord Chief Justice alludes. Both one and the other have to judge of the criminality of an act, but law judges simply from the external circumstances of the intention with which it is done, whereas the moralist looks within, and has a direct perception of the nature of the intention of the doer. If that intention includes the death of an innocent person, it is always criminal; if it does not include it, but is directed merely to something in itself lawful from which in this case death happens to follow, the act may be justifiable and free from sin.²

The third and last alternative is under no possible circumstances lawful. Where the act is essentially bad, the intention cannot be good. The act is one of murder pure and simple, which no necessity can justify, and the perpetrator of such an act would justly be condemned to death, even though there may be palliative circumstances justifying the pardon of the murderer or the commutation of his sentence. The case of the *Mignonette* obviously belongs to this third class.

It may perhaps be said that we are drawing a dangerous distinction, and one which would tend to diminish the horror felt at any act tending to deprive another of life. But no distinction is dangerous if it is founded on the eternal laws of right and wrong. It is an exploded fallacy to suppose that a severity of punishment at variance with the criminality of the act is really a deterrent from crime. Sheep-stealing was much more common when men were hanged for it. Crime tends to diminish, as brutal punishments, incommensurate with the misdeeds punished, disappear from the statute-book. Murder has not become more common since capital punishment has been less frequent, and since its horrors have been kept out of sight, and those who would regret to see it wholly abolished rejoice in the wise alterations which have reserved it only for the most brutal murderers. The promised change in the law which is

² The case given by St. Alphonsus (*Mor. Theol.* iii. iv. 1, n. 394) is that of a man pursued by his enemies, who can only save his life by trampling down and killing an innocent person. The common opinion of theologians is that this cannot be regarded as a criminal act, so long as the death of the innocent person is contrary to the wish and intention of the person pursued. He must desire merely that the obstacle in his path be removed. The death of the innocent person (says De Lugo, *De Justitia et Jure*, Disp. x. sec. v. n. 125) must be directly wished neither as the end nor as the means, but only indirectly, inasmuch as the cause which produces death is desired because of its connection not with this effect, but with some other effect which may be lawfully desired, and with which the death of the innocent person is connected only accidentally.

to recognize degrees of murder, in accordance with the recommendation of a commission which sat last year, will be a distinct gain to English law.

One other argument adduced by the Lord Chief Justice must not be passed unnoticed. Lord Hale is cited as maintaining that, according to the law of England, the most urgent want, even the extremest necessity of hunger, never justifies the appropriation of food belonging to another. "If a person under necessity for want of victuals or clothes, shall upon that account clandestinely and *animo furandi* steal another man's goods, it is a felony and crime by the laws of England punishable with death." Whence Lord Coleridge argues that, "If Lord Hale is clear, as he is, that the extreme necessity of hunger does not justify larceny, what would he have said to the doctrine that it would have justified murder?" We do not find fault with the *a fortiori* argument, but we regret that so false a principle should have crept into English law. It is not hard to trace it to its source. The harsh and cruel laws enacted in the reign of Elizabeth present many instances of departure from the principles of justice. The older doctrine, not only of Grotius and Puffendorf, but of pre-Reformation law in England, that in extreme necessity theft is no theft, or at least is not punishable as a crime, is the true and just one. It is universally admitted by Catholic theologians.³ I suppose most men would admit that if I could save my life by taking half-a-sovereign from the mantel-piece of my friend, I should be perfectly justified in doing so, even though I saw no probability of ever repaying it. I do him no wrong, because I have a right to assume that under the circumstances he, as a reasonable man, would wish me to do so and would willingly surrender the right to his money. In the same way, if I am starving, I am committing no wrong to the baker by helping myself to a loaf from

³ "It is certain," says St. Alphonsus (*Moral. Theol.* n. 320), "that he who is placed in extreme necessity, can appropriate as much of the property of others as is sufficient to free himself from this necessity." This is the general opinion of Catholic Doctors. St. Thomas (2, 2, 66, 7) gives as the reason of this that human law cannot interfere with the natural or Divine law. According to the natural order established by the providence of God, the lower objects in the world are ordained for the supply of the necessities of men, and therefore no division and appropriation by human law can interfere with their right to have their necessities supplied from these objects. Hence in the case of evident and urgent necessity, as peril to human life, any one may supply his own necessity from other people's property, which he may take either openly or furtively, and this has not the character, properly speaking, of theft or robbery.

his store, for the simple reason that he, as a right-minded man, would, if he knew the circumstances, wish me to feed myself at his expense. In general, all the rights of property disappear in the case of extreme necessity.

There is no danger of this doctrine leading to a disregard of these rights. The interests of the community as time goes on are more and more plainly on the side of a careful protection of private property. Extreme necessity is rare as a black swan, and when it does appear applies only to things of trifling value, chiefly to victuals, sometimes to clothes. The danger is in modern society rather to thrust out the needy and starving, than to give him too much power. The reason given by Lord Hale, that "men's properties would otherwise be under a strange insecurity, being laid open to other men's necessities, whereof no man can possibly be a judge but the party himself," does not in the least justify the variation between the dictates of morality and the enactments of the law. In point of fact, the magistrate or jury would very speedily dispose of the question of extreme necessity, and there would not be much danger of their being over-lenient to the thief. Dishonest men would soon discover that the plea of extreme necessity avails them not a whit more than any other false plea by which they seek to escape justice. Property is well able to take care of itself, or at all events to defend itself against the feeble and transparent cry, "I am starving." It is true that the rarity of extreme necessity makes the evil resulting from the false principle of the English law comparatively harmless, but from time to time we see a case of death from starvation, which might possibly have been avoided, if the poor mother knew that she might help herself to a loaf from the baker's shop to stay the pangs of hunger of her children, and that if she clearly proved the fact of her little one's crying out for bread, without her having it in her power to supply their wants, she would not be liable to punishment by law. The existence of workhouses and the system of outdoor relief makes the occurrence of such cases scarcely possible in the present day, not to mention the thousand and one benevolent societies, and we therefore have little reason to grumble at the existing law in its practical working. But the theory is a false and untrue one: hard and cruel, moreover, as well as false and untrue.

To return for a moment to the survivors of the *Mignonette*. It has been urged in their defence that the cravings of hunger,

such as must have been suffered by them, cause so intense an agony as to render those who are undergoing it irresponsible for their actions. The inexpressible longing for food becomes a positive disease, affecting mind as well as body, and known to medical science under the name of *Bulimia*. But it is contrary to the evidence to suppose that the murder of the boy was excusable on such grounds as these. There was the deliberation in the mode of action which characterized it as the action of rational men in full possession of their senses. If in the agony of their hunger they had gnawed at his living flesh, as starving men have sometimes gnawed at their own, there might have been some ground for the plea of mental derangement. They would moreover, even if they acted in their right senses, have been in this case more excusable, on the principles I have already laid down, since they would not have then sought the boy's death as the means by which they were to be saved. Their intent would have been merely to satisfy their own hunger, and not to kill their victim. Such an act would have been more brutal and repulsive, but less criminal, even if done deliberately. It would always and under all circumstances be unlawful and a horrible crime, even though death should not have ensued from their mutilation of him. But the guilt of mutilation is less than the guilt of deliberate murder, and if committed under the frenzy of agonizing pangs, such an act might perhaps have been altogether free from any guilt at all.

We cannot therefore, as moralists, acquit the survivors of the *Mignonette* altogether of the crime with which they were charged. Probably their sentence of six months' imprisonment was as fair and just a decision as could have been arrived at. If the men had been set free at once, the perverted moral sense of some of their fellow-countrymen would have made heroes of them. If they had had a long term of imprisonment, they would have had just reason to complain of being treated with undue severity.

R. F. C.

The French of Canada.

THE Canadian French are, beyond all doubt, the most peculiar, and in many respects, the most interesting people on the North American Continent. A good deal has been written about them both in England and in the United States, and it is greatly to be regretted that most of what has been written should be, not exactly false, but misleading. Those who have from time to time written articles in the American periodicals about the French inhabitants of Canada have been for the most part prejudiced against their religion, their race, and to a certain extent against their language. It must also be said that too many of those who have written about the "Habitants" were persons who had had but little knowledge of the people they often abused, sometimes slandered, and almost always misrepresented. Few of them had lived in Lower Canada, or been domiciled for any length of time amongst the French of that province; and few of them knew the language of the people they described. The writer of this article has had more than ordinarily good opportunities for studying all that is striking or interesting amongst the Canadian French. He has lived amongst them, speaks their language, and has been more or less acquainted with them for upwards of thirty years.

While this article is not intended to be one that will treat altogether of historical or statistical subjects, it will be necessary at the outset, in order to give the general reader an idea of the salient points of French Canadian history, to say a few words about how there came to be a French *nation*—for in spite of English domination it is absolutely such—on the western shores of the Atlantic.

Canada was discovered by the French in 1535, and Quebec, the first settlement made by them on the American Continent, was founded in the same year. The French colonies established in Canada do not appear to have ever been very prosperous. France had as fine an opportunity as ever a nation

had to establish a flourishing colonial empire in North America, an opportunity which it must be confessed she made very poor use of. After upwards of two hundred years' possession of "New France," which included not only all Canada but the greater part of the territory that now belongs to the United States, the whole population of Canada at its conquest by the English in 1759, was estimated at between sixty and seventy thousand. These were all in that part of the country now known as the province of Quebec, or Lower Canada. It cannot now be known what was the French population of the outlying territories of New France at the time of the English conquest. It must have been so small as to be almost *nil*, for in 1760, Detroit, the only settlement west of Montreal, had no permanent population, and was nothing but military posts, and the territory now known as Ontario, or Upper Canada, was nothing but a wilderness, and did not probably contain a hundred white inhabitants all told. French Canadian history may be said to be a blank for the last hundred and twenty-five years, for with the exception of the abortive attempts of the Americans to capture Quebec in 1775, and to capture Montreal in the war of 1812, Canada has had continual peace under British rule. In 1837, some of the French made a futile and very badly-conceived attempt to free themselves from the yoke of England. It hardly deserves to be called a rebellion.

While French Canada has little interest to boast of in an historical point of view, statistically and socially it is one of the most extraordinary and interesting countries in the world. When it is remembered that the highest estimate of the French population of Canada in 1760 was seventy thousand, and that the lowest estimate of the same people, including those who have emigrated to the United States, is now *one million eight hundred thousand*, and that the French Canadians claim that they are *two millions* strong, it will be apparent that in looking at this enormous growth of a people, this increase of *twenty-seven* times the population of one hundred and twenty-five years ago, we stand face to face with one of the most extraordinary statistical facts to be found in the records of any country. That the number of the French Canadian race above given is correct or nearly so, there can be no doubt whatever. In the Canadian census of 1881 the number of French in Canada is put down at one million three hundred thousand. We have no figures as to the exact number of Canadian French

in the United States; but as ninety per cent. of them are Catholics, and as they invariably have pastors of their own race and language in whatever part of the States they are settled, and as French Canadian Church authorities estimate their number at very nearly *half a million*, there are solid reasons for believing that the strictly French Canadian race in North America numbers at present very nearly, if not fully, *two millions*.

To be fully aware of the extraordinariness of the increase of the Canadian French, we shall have to compare it with that of the United States during the same elapse of time; we shall also have to remember that at least one-half of the increase in the population of the United States, within the last hundred years, has been caused by immigration, whereas there has been no emigration at all from France to Canada since its conquest by the British, and that there are probably not a hundred natives of France to be found in the province of Quebec. The few French that emigrated to Canada after the Franco-Prussian war did not remain here; they either returned to France, or went to the States. The estimated population of those parts of the British possessions in America that threw off the British yoke in 1776 was three millions and a half; fifteen years earlier, or at the time when the Canadian French were estimated at seventy thousand, the population of what afterwards became the United States was probably about three millions; it is to-day estimated at fifty-five millions, or in round numbers, *nineteen times* what it was in 1760; but the French Canadian population is at least, taking an estimate that absolutely under-rates it, *twenty-five times* more than it was in 1760. Or to put the extraordinary increase of the Canadian French in a still clearer light, if the United States had increased at the same ratio since 1760 that the Canadian French have, they would contain to-day *seventy-five*, instead of fifty-five, millions of people.

If this extraordinary rate of increase had taken place amongst a people sprung from any other of the European nations, it would not be quite so much to be wondered at, as the French in France increase less rapidly than any nation in Europe. It cannot be said either that the French of Canada are not French *pur sang*. Some have tried to account for the rapid increase of the Canadian French by supposing that they are largely mixed with the aboriginal Indians. But this theory

will not stand, for it is a fact that there is very little Indian blood amongst the French of Canada—so little that it could not by any possibility have had any noticeable effect either on the physical or mental attributes of the present population of the province of Quebec. The Indians were never numerous in any part of Canada, and were least numerous in that part of it occupied by the French. The country was too cold, the winters too long, and game too scarce to make it a desirable place for the red man. Besides, the French were at almost continual war with the Indians in early times, and a people do not usually mix much with another people with whom they are continually at war. A large remnant of the Lower Canadian Indians still remains; they occupy a settlement only a few miles from Montreal, at Caughnawauga, and have kept themselves very nearly pure from French admixture. It is true that they have become Catholics, but they have preserved their own language; they very rarely intermarry with the French, and the greater part of them cannot even speak the French language. So it could not have been owing to an admixture with the aboriginal races that the French of Canada have increased so rapidly.

The amount of British or Irish blood in the Canadian French is also very small. Now and again persons with purely Celtic names, but who speak no language but French, may be met with, but they are very rare. The French race in America has lost twenty times more by the French becoming Anglicized, than by other nationalities becoming Frenchified. There has been more or less of an emigration of French from Canada to the States for a hundred years; the emigrants invariably lose their language and become entirely Americanized by the third generation, whereas not one in a thousand of British or American extraction that settles among the French ever becomes French either in language or ideas.

The question then arises, How is the extraordinary increase of the Canadian French to be accounted for? There seems really no way to account for it except by a vigorous race, a healthy climate, and *lack of ambition*. The last seems the most potent cause. The French Canadian is too often the most contented and least ambitious of mortals. He marries young, has generally an enormous family, is seldom troubled with doctor's bills, and seldom dreams of becoming rich. His few—and they are often very few—*arpents* of land give him generally enough to eat, and he knows that if his family increases beyond

the means of support for them at home, they will get work in some of the factories in the States. The French Canadians are very much like what the Irish were before the famine; they are contented, light-hearted, and unambitious. During those years of contentment and lack of ambition, the Irish multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and it will probably be found that at some future day, when the *Habitants* become more ambitious and discontented, they will decrease in fecundity just as the Irish have decreased.

There is, however, one cause of the general contentment, cheerfulness, and happiness of the Canadian French which cannot be overlooked. The writer of this article is able from his own personal observation to bear willing testimony as to the wondrous influences for good, which the Catholic Church has on the Canadian peasant. It may, perhaps, have been a barrier to his ambition and worldly advancement, but it has in a great measure made him so attractive and interesting as he generally is. No one can live for any length of time in Lower Canada without feeling that he is living in an intensely Catholic country, and not only that, but in one where the Catholic religion appears in its most beautiful and most attractive form. The position of the Catholic clergy in Lower Canada is probably more pleasant than their position in any country in Europe, not excepting Ireland. One never sees a scowl on the face of a Canadian peasant when a priest happens to pass by, as is so often seen in France and Italy; the Canadian, even in the cities, is almost invariably civil and even courteous in his deportment towards the clergy. He is civil without being servile, and the clergy generally return the peasant's salutation as carefully and as politely as they would that of the Governor-General of the Dominion. In many of the rural districts the priest is a man of varied functions: he often has to act as doctor, lawyer, appraiser, and sometimes even as land-surveyor. In no part of the world perhaps, are the relations between pastor and flock more cordial or more as-they-ought-to-be than amongst the *Habitants* of Lower Canada.

To see the French Canadian in his reality, one must go to the country. The inhabitants of the large cities and towns are, in spite of the tenacity with which they have stuck to their language, becoming more or less Anglicized, or rather Americanized, for America, or to be more explicit, the United States, has much more influence in shaping the manners,

ideas, and language of the Canadians than England has. Once in the rural districts, however, the stranger, who has not been in Canada previously, will, especially if he comes from the States, have some difficulty in persuading himself that he has not by some mysterious means been transported over the ocean to Normandy or Touraine. Never perhaps has a people clung so tenaciously to every item of fatherland customs as the Canadian French farmers have. Their houses are built on the model of farmers' houses in the north and west of France. The arrangements of the house—with the single exception of an enormous stove which the severe winters of Canada render necessary—are almost exactly the same as in France. The same cleanliness and order which so often make the peasant houses of France beautiful, are everywhere observable in Canada. No matter how poor the *Habitant* may be, no matter how small his cabin, it is generally, nay, always scrupulously clean, and the stranger is welcomed with a cordiality and a *courtliness* which strongly reminds him that he sees before him people whose manners were formed under the influence of the *ancien régime*, before the Revolution and its horrors had effected a sad change in the natural politeness and urbanity of the French peasant.

The arrangement of the farms is very peculiar, and necessarily different from the French mode. Villages in France occupy certain localities, and no matter how populous they may be, they have limits in length as well as in breadth. A village in Lower Canada may be said to be "length without breadth," for it is often many miles in length, and consists of only a single street or rather road. Villages of this kind have no commerce at all, seldom contain even a huckster's shop, and are nothing more than an aggregation of farmers' houses, built on the same country road, and standing in a direct line as far as the eye can reach. However agreeable such an arrangement of farms may be in a social point of view, it must be extremely inconvenient to the agriculturist, for his little farm, sometimes consisting of only thirty or forty acres, is often a mile long and hardly wider than a coach-road in England. But the *Habitant* is willing to put up with a great deal of inconvenience for the sake of company; just as in France, the gregarious and sociable instincts of his race make him submit cheerfully to a most unhandy arrangement of his farm in order that he may be within easy visiting distance of his neighbours.

A Canadian agricultural village can hardly be called picturesque; in spite of the general neatness of the houses, its appearance is seldom pleasing. This is mainly caused by the general absence of trees or gardens about the houses. The want of trees is the special drawback to the appearance of a French Canadian village. The *Habitants* excuse themselves for not planting more trees in the vicinity of their houses by saying that it would be hardly worth while to do so in a country where there is so little summer, and where most of the trees are leafless for nearly three quarters of the year.

The greater part of the soil of Lower Canada, at least in the valley of the St. Lawrence, is very fertile, and produces enormous crops of hay, oats, potatoes, and peas. These are about the only crops the French Canadian farmer raises; his country is too cold to make Indian corn or maize a profitable crop, and he depends on the United States, or on the North-West and Manitoba, for his wheat. Why he raises so little wheat it is hard to say, for his soil and climate are well adapted for it. He is not enterprising, and it must be confessed is on the whole not a good farmer. He seldom experiments, and is not very scientific. He has got out of the habit of raising wheat, probably because he finds it less troublesome to raise hay and oats instead. He has got the name of being a bad farmer, and there seem to be some grounds for believing that he is; but if he is half as bad as his English-speaking neighbours say he is, the agricultural population of the greater part of Lower Canada is about on a par with the Zulus or Kafirs in the matter of farming.

While freely admitting that the French Canadian is behind his English-speaking neighbour not only in farming, but in commerce, trade, and all kindred branches, we must not take for granted everything that this same English-speaking neighbour says of him. One of the most striking and curious things in the social life of Lower Canada is the latent hate which the French and English-speaking races have for each other. It is a sad thing to say, but truth requires that it should be said, that English-speaking people, no matter whether they are English, Irish, or Scotch, have rarely a good word for their French neighbours; and it is still sadder and more unaccountable that of all those English-speaking people, the Irish are those between whom and the French there seems to be the least *rapprochement* and the greatest enmity.

If the French Canadians were not Catholics, if they were not the people of all others whom the Irish are supposed to love, one might not be so puzzled over this social enigma. That the love of the Irish for the French of France is real, deep-seated, and enduring, cannot be for a moment doubted. It has existed for centuries, and is so old, that it has become part of an Irishman's nature. It was so strong that the horrors of the Revolution, the mad reign of atheism, and the almost entire destruction of the religion to which the Irish have been so faithful, did not affect it. For many centuries the great mass of the Irish people were trained to look on the French as their natural protectors and friends, and every French victory, no matter over whom it was gained, was hailed with delight by the Irish race not only in Ireland, but wherever they might be. Every one knows that it is in times of adversity that true friends are known: it was in the hour of France's defeat and humiliation that Ireland's love for her showed itself to be so real, that it became a wonder to the world and a puzzle to the French themselves. It would be quite impossible to say what the Irish would not have done for the French after the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, if real pressure had been brought to bear on them. As it was, the French delegates who were sent to Ireland to collect seed-corn, and whatever else the war-ravaged districts of France might require, were so moved by the depth and genuineness of Irish sympathy for France, that on more than one occasion they were obliged to weep. How comes it, then, that there should be such a general unfriendliness—to call the feeling by its mildest name—between the Irish and French in Canada? The reasons are manifold, but the chief one seems to be that it is the least educated and consequently the least reasoning of both races that come into contact in Canada. The Irish accuse the French of being always ready to accept less wages than the Irish will, and the French say the Irish are always conspiring to oust them from their work, and lead them into strikes and trouble. The fact is that neither the Irish nor the French understand each other, and there never has been a representative man of either race in Canada to bring about an understanding between them. It is greatly to be deplored that two peoples so friendly in Europe, should be so unfriendly in Canada.

While it cannot be said that there is any even remote danger of trouble between the British Government and the Canadian

French, it has to be admitted that the latent dislike between them and their English-speaking fellow-citizens may at almost any time lead to unpleasantness. It is not easy at first sight to account for the existence of this ill-feeling, which very seldom manifests itself publicly. The French have really nothing to complain of in a political point of view, for few conquered peoples were ever better treated by their conquerors than they have been. It appears to be a fact that the English-speaking part of the Canadians are principally to blame for this ill-feeling which undoubtedly exists between the two races. The English-speaking Canadians hate the French because they have sternly but quietly refused to become Anglicized ; a hundred years ago English statesmen were confident that the French would be swallowed up and absorbed in the mass of the English-speaking population. But no such thing has occurred. As far as Lower Canada is concerned, it seems much more likely, from the present outlook of things, that the French will swallow up the British than that the British will swallow up the French. Here we have the whole secret of the latent dislike between the French and English-speaking inhabitants of the Province of Quebec.

However disadvantageous in an economical or social point of view the French language may have been to the French Canadians in putting a barrier between them and their English-speaking fellow-citizens, it is impossible not to admire the sublime devotion with which they have clung to it. Even in the manufacturing towns of the United States, as well as in the State of Maine, where they have formed agricultural settlements, they stick to their language with the same tenacity as in Canada. Everywhere the Canadian French make their homes in the States, the French-speaking and French-preaching pastor follows them.

Of all nationalities that work in the mills of New England, the Canadian French are probably the most sought after by employers, as they are generally very sober and docile, and do not often strike for wages. Employers do, however, say that owing to the French being so near Canada, and to their looking on it as their *patrie*, they are sometimes inclined to go home too often, and usually at the time when their services are most required.

It cannot but be interesting to many readers of THE MONTH if something be said about the kind of French that is spoken in

Canada. The popular idea in the United States about Canadian French is that it hardly deserves the name of French at all, and that a Frenchman from France could hardly understand it. This idea is entirely erroneous. The French language of Canada contains hardly a dozen words which are not pure French. The uneducated classes of the large towns make use of many English or American words to the exclusion of the proper French ones, such as *boss*, *ice-cream*, *railroad*, *grocery*, &c. These words will be often used by people whose stock of English is entirely represented by them. French is as a rule spoken quite as grammatically in Canada as in France, but always with a different accent. The pronunciation of many words is so different from that heard in France, that a Frenchman would be sorely puzzled to understand them. The most marked peculiarity of Canadian French is the sound that is generally given to the vowels or diphthong *ai* when occurring at the end of words such as *français*, *anglais*, *irlandais*, *écossais*, *lait*, *plait*, *fait*, &c. These words are generally pronounced even by the educated classes of Canada as if they did not contain the letter *i* at all; but the feminines of the four first words given above, *française*, *anglaise*, &c., are, strange to say, pronounced as they are in France. Another peculiarity of French Canadian pronunciation is the sound *a* gets in monosyllables, such as in the words *part*, *lard*, *parc*, *char*, &c. These words are pronounced as if they were spelt with an *o* instead of an *a*, and so that they would make perfect rhyme with *mort* (death), for even *parc* is usually pronounced without sounding the final consonant *c*. As to grammar, the uneducated classes of France make just as many mistakes in speaking as the French Canadians make.

It has to be admitted that the proportion of totally illiterate persons, especially amongst the adults, is still very large in Lower Canada—larger, perhaps, than in any other part of the North American Continent north of Mexico. But this state of things is being altered rapidly. There is probably not a race of men on earth that has made more rapid advances in education within the last ten or fifteen years than the Canadian-French have, in spite of the fact that the free-school system can hardly be said to exist in Canada, the entire primary education system being very inferior compared with that of the United States. If the French of Canada continue to progress educationally as they have during the last decade, they will very soon be amongst the best instructed nations of the world.

Their Press is improving at a very rapid rate, and a French-Canadian book-literature of a high standard has been a long time in existence, and in literary worth and in quantity is far ahead of what has been published in the English language in the Dominion.

The preservation of the French language in Canada seems to be the most absorbing subject at present not only in that country, but in France, and public opinion in both countries seems somewhat divided about it. All Frenchmen and most Canadians of French extraction are at one as to the absolute necessity of preserving their language in America, but how is it to be done? The best way would of course be to annex Canada to France; but that is not to be thought of. One thing is certain, and that is that in spite of the wonderful tenacity with which the French have stuck to their language in Canada, there are signs that it is losing ground. While an Englishman is more or less at a disadvantage in Canada if he cannot speak French, a Frenchman is at a still greater disadvantage if he cannot speak English. There are many indications that show clearly that the French of the cities and large towns have a strong desire to learn English; they often put up signs in English over their places of business, without knowing exactly what they mean. If a person whom they suppose by his accent or appearance to be a stranger, addresses them in French, they are almost sure to answer him in English if they know only ever so little of it. The nearness of Canada to the United States, the close relations between the two countries, and the enormous number of French-Canadians that live under the American flag, make it certain that the English language will in the long run displace French in the valley of the St. Lawrence, unless more intimate relations are established between France and Canada.

It would appear as if the French Government has become fully aware that the French language in Canada is in danger, and that steps are being taken to bring about a more cordial and general intercourse between the French-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic. This can be done in many ways, but in no way more effectually than by close commercial relations. Up to very recently there was hardly any intercourse between Lower Canada and France; but ever since the Franco-Prussian War a feeling of friendliness has arisen between them which is growing every day stronger and stronger. This friendly

feeling seems to have originated with the Canadians, and it is very creditable to them that the misfortunes and humiliation of their mother-country should have been the cause of making it all the dearer to them.

If the French would make up their minds to remain in Canada, there would be very little fear that their language would die ; but they will not stay at home because they must seek a means of living elsewhere. Very nearly all the good land of the Lower Province is already occupied ; those who leave Canada are not as a rule of the farming classes. The writer knows of only two places in the States where the French of Canada have formed agricultural settlements ; one of those places is in Illinois, and the other in Maine. The great bulk of the Canadian-French population of the United States consists of operatives and farm labourers. These cannot preserve their language amongst an entirely English-speaking people beyond two, or at most three generations. Emigration is draining away the life-blood of French Canada just as it is draining away the life-blood of Celtic Ireland. If the French of Canada and the Irish of Ireland are sincerely desirous of preserving their nationality and language, they must make up their minds to remain at home.

The Country and Religion of the Magi.

IN one of the side chapels of the choir of Cologne stands the shrine of the Three Kings, probably the richest shrine in the Christian world, certainly the richest piece of mediæval goldsmith's work that has escaped the pillage and destruction of the Reformation and the Revolution. The great Cathedral—the largest, and in the eyes of many the most splendid of Gothic Cathedrals—is itself, as it were, the outer case of this shrine. It was built to receive the relics of the Kings. Cologne is singularly rich in relics, what with the hundreds of skulls of the martyrs at St. Ursula's, St. Gereon's, and St. Maurice's, witnesses to the massacre of St. Ursula's virgins, and St. Maurice's Theban legionaries; but the treasure that did most to make Cologne a place of pilgrimage, and to win it its old title of *Heiliges Cöln*, was assuredly the shrine of the Kings. Their relics were brought to Cologne from Milan seven centuries ago, when the Kaiser Frederick Barbarossa, apparently regarding them as part of the spoil of the captured Lombard city, took them from the Church of San Eustorgio and gave them to his Chancellor Rainald, who was then Archbishop-Elect of Cologne. On July 23, 1164, Rainald deposited them in the old Cathedral. In 1337 they were placed in the chapel of the new choir, where they have lain ever since, except during the ten years at the end of the last century, when the costly shrine with its precious contents was removed from Cologne to save it from the destroying hands of the French invaders.

The history of the relics of the Kings is thus clear enough for seven centuries. We know how they came to Cologne, but it is not at all so clear how they came to Milan. More than one writer in modern books of reference, Catholic and non-Catholic, settles the question by stating that St. Eustorgius, Bishop of Milan, brought them from Constantinople. But this statement will not bear examination. It perhaps originated in the fact that the relics of the Kings were long honoured in the

Church of St. Eustorgius at Milan. There is, it is true, a mediæval legend which describes in detail this translation of the relics of the Kings to Milan by the Saint, but the Bollandists attach no value to the legend, and point out that although we have in the works of St. Ambrose a eulogy of St. Eustorgius, to whose glorious memory he appeals, as to that of one of the most illustrious of his predecessors, he says not a word of this alleged translation of the relics of the Kings. The silence of Ambrose, especially when we consider his well-known devotion to the relics of the saints, is very strong evidence that these relics were not at Milan in his time—that is, at the end of the fourth century. They had certainly been at Milan for some centuries before their translation to Cologne in the twelfth—for local tradition appears to have connected them with St. Eustorgius, and this is enough to prove that at least they had not been brought very recently to Milan. The writer of the article on the Magi in Dr. Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, makes a statement on this subject which is clearly wrong; it would be interesting to know on what it is based. He tells us :

Among other relics supplied to meet the demands of the market, which the devotion of Helena had created, the bodies of the Magi are discovered somewhere in the East, are brought to Constantinople, and placed in the great church, which as the Mosque of St. Sophia still bears in its name the witness of its original dedication to the Divine Wisdom. The favour with which the people of Milan had received the Emperor's Prefect Eustorgius called for some special mark of favour, and on his consecration as bishop of that city, he obtained for it the privilege of being the resting-place of the precious relics.

Unfortunately for this story the hard facts of chronology are against it. The Church of St. Sophia was built by Justinian, who reigned from 527 to 565. There were, as far as we can discover, only two prelates of the name of Eustorgius among the Bishops of Milan—one was St. Eustorgius, a predecessor of St. Ambrose; the other Eustorgius governed the see from 512 to 518; thus he was nine years dead before the builder of St. Sophia ascended the throne, and could not therefore have obtained any relics from the future church. So much for this story.

Still we can put nothing better in its place. This much is clear. The relics of the Kings were brought to Milan between the fifth and tenth centuries, a stormy time, when the record of such an event might well be lost, especially if, as may have been

the case, they were first brought there in secret for security. There is an event in the subsequent history of the shrine which in this connection may explain the obscurity of the earlier history of the relics. In 1794, when the French Republican armies were advancing victoriously to the Rhine, plundering and destroying many a sanctuary in their Jacobin hate of holy things, the shrine of the Kings was secretly removed from the chapel, and carried off to Frankfort-on-Maine; even there it was not safe, and for some years it was moved from hiding-place to hiding-place in Southern Germany, its faithful guardians being at times reduced to such straits that they had to remove from the shrine some of the precious gems with which it is ornamented, and sell them to procure the necessities of life. At length, after ten years of wandering, the shrine was brought back in safety to its chapel in the choir of Cologne on January 4, 1804. It may well be that the relics were first brought to Milan in secret to escape one of the destructive storms of the earlier middle ages, and it is quite possible they first left the East in the same way. It is difficult otherwise to explain the absence of documents bearing on this point. The suggestion that the relics were "*supplied* to meet the demands of the market which the devotion of Helena had created," or in other words, that they are suppositions, creates more difficulties than it solves, even from a purely historical point of view.

It is strange that just as so much obscurity hangs over the history of their relics, the history of the Magi themselves is also most obscure. We have only one trustworthy document bearing upon it, and that is St. Matthew's Gospel. It tells us only of their visit to Bethlehem. It tells us nothing of their previous history beyond what can be inferred from the statement that they were *μάγοι ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν*,—"wise men (Magi) from the East," and the narrative comes to an end (so far as they are concerned) with the statement that they returned to their own country. Even its name is not given, and this is a point on which commentators on the Gospel are widely at variance. There are, however, two opinions, to one or other of which most of them give their adhesion—some make Persia the country of the Wise Men, others Arabia. The first opinion is supported by most of the monuments of early Christian art and by several of the earliest ecclesiastical writers; the second has in its favour the opinions of some of the early Fathers, and many later commentators, and, if I am not mistaken, it is the

opinion most frequently adopted in modern Catholic works on the Gospels and the Life of our Lord.¹ This is not a little strange, for the evidence in favour of the second view is by no means strong, and there is much more to be said for the first. I do not propose to fully review all the evidence for the two opinions here, but having touched briefly on the arguments usually adduced on both sides, I shall go a little more fully into a branch of the evidence for the first, or Persian theory, which it seems to me has not been given its full weight by Catholic writers on either side.

For the Arabian theory it is urged that (1) the gifts offered by the Kings were the products of Arabia—gold, frankincense, and myrrh; (2) that the Prophet foretold that “the Kings of the Arabs and of Saba would bring gifts,”² and the Church applies these words to the coming of the Magi in the Office of the feast; (3) that the expression, “the East,” might well include the northern part of Arabia, stretching to the east of Palestine, the extent of the ancient Arabia being much wider than that which appears on modern maps; (4) that the fact of the Church having for so long kept the feast of the Epiphany only twelve days after Christmas is evidence of a tradition that the Kings arrived very soon after the Birth of our Lord—they could not possibly have come from Persia in that time, they might have come from Arabia; (5) finally, the authority of many of the early Fathers is alleged for Arabia.

Now let us take these arguments one by one, and see what can be urged against them and in favour of the Persian theory. Against the last it may be fairly argued that, so far as it proves anything, the testimony of the early Fathers is divided, and perhaps on the whole is more favourable to the Persian than

¹ Van Steenkiste, in his *Commentarium in Matthæum* (1880), while adhering to the second opinion, thus sums up the patristic evidence for both views: “Unde venerunt? *Ab oriente*, ait M.; sed quæstio est quid per Orientem intelligendum sit. S. Chrys. cum plerisque veterum (Clem. Alex. *Strom.* i. 15; S. Ephrem, *De Maria et Magis*; S. Bas., *Hom. in Chr. generat.* 5, ap. Migne, iii. 1470; S. Cyr. Alex. *In Is.* xlix. 12) intelligit Persidem, quæ propria erat regio eorum qui *Magi* olim vocabantur; alii Chaldeam seu Mesopotamiam designant: vix differt S. Leo (*Serm. in Epiph.*) qui dicit Magos venisse a remotissima Orientis parte. Sed probabilior nobis videtur opinio Tert. (*Adv. Jud.* 9; *Contra Marc.* iii. 13), S. Just. (*Dial. cum Tryph.* 78, 106), qui scripsit in Palæstina sec. ii., S. Epiph. (*Expos. fid.* 8), et ut videtur S. Amb. (*in L.* 2, docet Magos a Balaam genus duxisse), eos venisse ex Arabia, quod innunt eorum munera, quippe quæ sunt fructus nativi Arabicæ terræ. Eum autem Arabicæ tractum, qui ad Orientem Palæstinæ situs est, cogitemus oportet” (In Matt. q. 65, vol. i. p. 101).

² Psalm lxxi. 10.

the Arabian theory. As to the fourth argument, Father Coleridge has very well pointed out that the date of the feast proves very little as to the interval between our Lord's Birth and the coming of the Wise Men.

From early times [he says] the feast of the Epiphany has been celebrated, as now, on the twelfth day after Christmas Day. This custom fixes in our minds the idea that the visit of the Kings took place at a like interval of time after our Lord's actual Birth, and thus before the Purification. But it is far from certain that the dates at which the great mysteries of our Lord are usually celebrated, were originally fixed, in all cases, on account of any very constant tradition. Again, even if this were the case, the date so fixed would only signify the anniversary of the mystery celebrated on a particular day. It would not of necessity fix the distance in point of time between one actual occurrence and another. If the visit of the Kings were a year and twelve days after the Nativity, its anniversary would be on the same day as if the interval were either twelve days only, or two years and twelve days. The longer intervals here named are more in accordance with the Sacred Text than the shortest of the three. It is certain that St. Matthew tells us that Herod diligently inquired as to the time of the appearance of the star, and that when he afterwards ordered the massacre of all children "from two years old and under," the limit of age was fixed in consequence of the information which the Kings had given. It is therefore natural to suppose that the star had been seen a year and some months before the Epiphany.³

He has further shown that grave harmonistic difficulties disappear if we take the longer interval. We may therefore conclude that the fourth argument proves nothing against the Persian theory, while the indications of the longer period in St. Matthew are decidedly in favour of it.

The third argument which explains the East to mean Northern Arabia, is less a new proof, than an attempt to meet an obvious difficulty. St. Matthew's words apply much more naturally to Persia. So we have Prudentius singing how "in the heart of Persia's realm where the sun starts upon his course," the Magi recognize the standard of the King :

En Persici ex orbis sinu,
Sol unde sumit januam,
Cernunt periti interpretes
Regale vexillum Magi.

Nor does the second argument, from the words of Psalm lxxi, prove anything against the Persian theory. The Psalmist

³ *Life of our Life*, vol i. pp. 58, 59.

sings of the glories of the reign of Solomon, but it is of Solomon as the type of the future Prince of Peace, and so his words are such as could not apply merely to even this the most powerful of the Jewish Kings. The future Ruler is to reign through all generations, and His shall be a world-wide empire :

He shall rule from sea to sea,
And from the river unto the ends of the earth.
Before Him the Ethiopians shall fall down,
And His enemies shall lick the earth.
The Kings of Tharsis and the islands shall offer presents,
The Kings of the Arabians and of Saba shall bring gifts,
And all the kings of the earth shall adore Him,
All nations shall serve Him.⁴

Even commentators who on other grounds favour the Arabian theory, reject this argument, pointing out that the prophecy is not of the coming of the Magi, but of the vocation of the Gentiles, of whom they were the first-fruits—thus it does not even prove that they were Kings. If it were a distinct prophecy of their coming, how is it that St. Matthew, who is continually pointing out the fulfilment of prophecy, makes no reference to it ?

Finally, to the argument that they offered the products of Arabia as gifts, the ready reply is that their offerings were such as might have been easily obtained in any Eastern land. We even find St. Ephrem, who lived and wrote in Syria, speaking of them as the products of Persia, in his poem on the Wise Men. "Joyfully," he says, "the Persian princes took the gifts belonging to their land, and brought to the Virgin's Son gold, myrrh, and frankincense."

We thus see that some of the arguments adduced in favour of the Arabian theory prove little or nothing, while others apply equally well, or even better, to Persia. It is also to be noted that a strong traditional argument in favour of Persia is afforded by the monuments of early Christian art. The visit of the Magi, the first-fruits of the Gentiles, was naturally a favourite subject with the artists of the catacombs and the early basilicas, and in these pictures we find almost invariably the three Wise Men clad in a distinctly Persian dress.

But just as the central argument for the Arabian theory really is the supposed fulfilment in the visit of the Wise Men of the prophecy about the Kings of the Arabs and of Saba, so the chief argument for the Persian theory really centres upon

⁴ Psalm lxxi. 8—11.

the title given to the Wise Men by St. Matthew. He calls them "Magi from the East" (μάγοι ἀπὸ ἀνατολῶν), and the argument rests upon what is implied by this. The Magi were the learned and priestly class of religion of ancient Persia. It is true that at the time when the Gospels were written, the word Magus was used a little loosely in its secondary sense of "Magician." We have an instance of this in the title given to the Samaritan, Simon Magus, in the Acts of the Apostles. But this fact, though it diminishes the force of the proof, and prevents it from being absolutely demonstrative, is very far from destroying it, especially if we take into account other considerations pointing to Persia. This much the use of the word Magi by St. Matthew does absolutely prove—that the Wise Men were either of the priestly Magian class of Media and Persia (which then formed portions of the Parthian Empire), or that they were in some sense magicians. Now, let us see which of these interpretations is the more probable.

St. Thomas, in that part of the *Summa* which deals with the mysteries of our Lord's life, examines the question, "Whether those to whom the Birth of Christ was made manifest were befittingly chosen?"⁵ He suggests the difficulty that it would seem to be most fitting that Divine Truth should be made manifest to the friends of God. "But the Magi appear to have been God's enemies, for we read in Leviticus xix., 'Go not aside after wizards, neither ask anything of soothsayers.'"⁶ But he replies to the difficulty in the words of St. Augustine: "Even as ignorance prevailed in the rustic simplicity of the shepherds, so impiety prevailed in the sacrilegious rites of the Magi; nevertheless He who is the Corner-stone attracted both to Himself, inasmuch as He came to choose the foolish things in order to confound the wise; and not to call the just, but sinners; so that no one who is great may be proud thereof, and that no one who is weak may despair."⁷ And then St. Thomas adds: "But some say that these Magi were not wizards, but learned astronomers, who were called *Magi* among the Persians and Chaldeans."

Now it is to be remarked that if the lesson which St. Augustine drew from the choice of the Magi to be among the first adorers of the new-born King is the true one, it is very strange

⁵ *Summa Theologiae*, iii. q. 36, a. 3.

⁶ V. 31, where the Vulgate has "Magos."

⁷ *Serm. de Epiph.*

that Scripture gives not the slightest indication that the Magi either had been in any notorious way sinners, or were now penitents. And if we may venture to answer St. Thomas' question, surely it does seem far more befitting that those who were the first-fruits of the Gentiles, the first adorers of the Holy Child, who came from beyond the limits of the chosen people, should be men who had kept the natural law, and could be called good and just, men such as, we may believe, God's providence has in all times raised up even among pagan peoples, such men as are usually among the first converts when the Gospel is at length preached to their people. The other alternative is, that the Kings were "magicians;" in that case they were one of two things, either men who had real commerce with the demon, or men who were impostors and pretended to possess an occult knowledge, while they were really mere charlatans. Surely it does not seem likely that such would be chosen out of all the Gentile world for this most exceptional grace. It is of course possible, but is it probable, that such was the case, especially when they are in no way explicitly represented to us as penitents, any more than the simple shepherds, or Simeon and Anna the prophetess?

On the other hand, if ambassadors were to be chosen out of the Gentile world to lay their homage at the feet of the Messiah, it would seem most befitting that they should be chosen from among the followers of one of the higher forms of Gentile religion, worshippers, if such there were, of one God. Such were the Persian Magi, and it may be added that they had at various times just those close relations with Judaism that seem to be implied in the language of the Wise Men.

The religion of the Magi was the so-called Zoroastrian or Mazdean religion. It was certainly the religion of the Persian Empire under the later Achæmenid Kings. The Greek conquest under Alexander, and the rule of the Greek Sovereigns of the house of Seleucus inflicted a severe blow upon the professors of Zoroastrianism; but when the Græco-Persian gave way to the Parthian Empire, and again a purely Asiatic dynasty ruled from the Euphrates to the Indian frontier, the Magi began rapidly to rise in power and influence, until at last, in the third century after Christ, they were strong enough to place one of their number, the Magian Ardeshir (Artaxerxes), on the throne, and inaugurated the new Persian Empire of the Sassanidæ, of which the religion of Zoroaster was the very life and soul. The

Birth of our Lord occurred in the transition period, when the Magi were rapidly rising to power and influence in the Parthian Empire, and when their religion, though not that of the State, was still widely spread throughout the populations that were under its rule.

We know what this Magian and Zoroastrian religion was, not merely from the fragmentary notices of classical and early Christian writers, but from its sacred books, preserved with religious care among the Parsis, who are no other than the descendants of these Persians, who, on the conquest of their country by the Mohammedans, took refuge in India rather than abandon the religion of their fathers. The oldest portion of the sacred literature of Parsiism is a book, or rather a collection of books known as the Avesta (or, less correctly, Zendavesta). Written in an old Persian dialect that had ceased to be a living language, at or soon after the Christian era, it is certainly, as a whole, older than the time of our Lord, and thus, if the Magi of St. Matthew were Persians, we can read in the Avesta some of the same religious lore in which they were trained. The book is a collection of laws, traditional legends and formulas and hymns of praise. There is as yet no complete version by any English scholar,⁸ and some of the incomplete versions published in England are on many grounds not to be recommended. In the languages of the Continent there are two masterly versions, the German version of Professor Spiegel, and still more recent the French version of Professor de Harlez, of Louvain. This last, with its elaborate introduction and notes, is, perhaps, at this moment the best existing summary of all the results of modern research into the religion of Zoroaster.

That religion was like all Pagan religions, a very imperfect one, and in its Bible—or rather, Book of Law and Ritual—the Avesta, there is much that is puerile, not a little that is repulsive; but at the same time there are certain features in it which, with all its defects, place it on a much higher standard than the other Gentile religions of antiquity.

Some portions of the Avesta are more or less clearly monotheistic in character. In the greater part of it, dualism, the conflict of two eternal powers of evil and of good, is the leading feature, and at times minor genii of good and evil become so prominent, that it is easy to see polytheistic tend-

⁸ We can hardly count as such Bleek's translation of Spiegel's version, made for the use of the Parsis.

encies at work. This mingling of various elements in the same book and the same religion has been variously explained. Some see in it the evidence of a progress from lower to higher forms of thought: others again the gradual decay of a purer faith; others—and this seems the most probable theory—look on this as evidence that the religion of the Magi was the outcome of contact with various forms of religious thought from monotheism downwards. But these are questions that cannot be discussed here. Whatever was the origin of Zoroastrianism, its God, Ahura Mazda (*i.e.*, the All-Wise Lord), the Ormuzd of later writers, is a glorious conception, whether he appears in solitary grandeur as the all-pure and almighty creator of all things, or as the creator of the world of good, the revealer of the holy law, the eternal enemy of Angra-mainyus (Ahriman) and all his evil realm. His very names, “the Lord, the Wise One, the Disposer of all things, the Creator, He who counts up merit, He who saves,” recall the attributes of the true God.

The central idea of the whole system of the Avesta, and the religion it teaches, is that of the strife between good and evil. The Avestic idea of evil is indeed a false one. The old teachers of the Holy Law of Zoroaster had not grasped the idea, that even as darkness is not anything existing as a positive reality, but is only the absence of light, so evil is essentially negative, a falling away from, a loss or privation of the full completeness of being, which we call good. Evil was for them the positive creation of a being of evil nature, not a fallen angel, but one who had always been evil, *Angra-mainyus*, the “evil-minded one,” whose name is more familiar to us in its later contracted form of Ahriman. On the other hand, *asha*, or purity, is what makes the professor of the Holy Law just, and worthy of Paradise, the *ashavan*, or possessor of *asha*, is the righteous man. He does not possess it by mere ceremonial purity, though he can lose it by a neglect of legal prescriptions on this point. The *ashavan* is not the mere exact observer of ceremonies, but he is also the man “of good thoughts, good words, and good deeds” (*humata, hukhta, huvarsta*), and this formula recurs again and again in the Avesta.⁹

Thus there was in the religion of the Magi the worship of one spiritual supreme God, and a central idea of the nature

⁹ A complete refutation of the theory held by M. Darmesteter and others, that *asha* meant only the exact performance of external ritual, will be found in Professor de Harlez's *Origines de Zoroastrianisme*.

of moral goodness, which was a very exalted one. For the Magian as for the Jew idolatry was an apostasy. The Magian like the Jew had a complex ceremonial law beside the moral law, and closely linked with it. But what is more, the Magian like the Jew looked for the coming of a future deliverer.

In the Avesta the power of Ahriman is not to last for ever. Continually opposed and kept in check by Ahura and his righteous servants, his empire is to be at length destroyed. One of the legends contained in the Vendidad, the ceremonial portion of the Avesta, describes Zoroaster in conflict with the demons of Ahriman, who strive to slay him. He drives them off by repeating a sacred formula in praise of all the good creation of Ahura, and then predicts their ruin, at the coming of "Saoshyant, the conqueror of demons." The name Saoshyant is a participial form, and means giving help, or favours, the Gracious, or the Helpful, would perhaps represent it in English.

We hear of Saoshyant again in one of the concluding prayers of the Yasna, or sacrificial liturgy of the Avesta. The prayer invokes in succession all the Fravashis, or guardian genii of the good creation, and concludes :

We honour the Fravashis of righteous men,
We honour the Fravashis of righteous women,
And all the good, strong, and pure Fravashis of the righteous,
From Gâyo Meretan even to the victorious Saoshyant.

That is to say, of all the righteous from the first man to Saoshyant, who, as we shall presently see, is to come at the end of time. The same expression is repeated in another prayer, where we hear again of all the good and holy "from Gâyo Meretan to Saoshyant the conqueror."

In another portion of the Avesta, in one of the Yashts or hymns, we find Saoshyant spoken of in connection with the Zoroastrian doctrine of a future restoration of all things. The hymn, after praising in turn the Fravashis of all just men, comes at length to Saoshyant, and continues thus :

We honour the Fravashi of the pure Astvatereta [*i.e.* literally he who succours, he who raises up, corporeal beings], whose name shall be Saoshyant the victorious ; whose name shall be Astvatereta. He is Saoshyant, in that he will favour all the visible world, he is Astvatereta, in that being endowed with a body and a vital principle, he will stop the destroyer of created beings, he will stop the demon (*druj*) he will stop the hate of the destroyer of purity.

Still more distinctly in another of these hymns Saoshyant is described as he who will make all things new and bring about the final resurrection of the dead. The hymn celebrates in turn the glory of each of the heroes and good genii of the Zoroastrian religion, and comes at length to Saoshyant, of whom it says :

We honour that mighty royal splendour which belongs to Saoshyant, that he may renew the world, making it exempt from age and death, exempt from corruption and decay, always full of life and prosperity, directed according to his will—so that the dead shall rise, and the immortality of living beings shall come to pass; he effects the renewal of being, even as he desires. We honour this terrible kingly splendour : that Astvatereta [*i.e.* the raiser up of corporeal beings = Saoshyant] may come from the Kansu sea—he the minister of Ahura, the son of Vispataurvairi, full of knowledge, he who shall bring the final victory . . . He will see with the eyes of wisdom all creatures, he will strike the demon Paesis, he will look upon all the created world with eyes whose glance produces prosperity. He will finally establish the created world in the state of immortality.

Behold the comrades of Astvatereta advance, of that Astvatereta who is holy in thought, in word, in deed, holy in nature : they speak no lying word, their tongue is mistress of itself.

Then the poet tells how the demons will fall down before their conqueror, "and Ahriman, the contriver of evil deeds, will bow down vanquished, stripped of all his might."

Though it is not distinctly stated in the Avesta, there is at least one clear allusion to the tradition that the future deliverer was to be born of a virgin mother. Moreover, in the Bundahish, Saoshyant appears as the Judge of the world in the Final Judgment, but it is right to add that this book is probably more recent than the Christian era, and some portions of it may have been influenced by Christian teaching.

But in the passages we have cited from the Avesta there is evidence enough of the hope of the followers of Zoroaster in a future deliverer. Now the Jewish captivity produced a very close contact between the peoples beyond the Euphrates and the sons of Israel, tens of thousands of whom never returned to Palestine, but remained settled in the lands to which their fathers had been forcibly transferred. The Magi had therefore opportunity enough for becoming acquainted with the fact that the Jews too were looking for a future deliverer, who was to conquer all evil and change the face of the earth. The contact between the professors of the two religions of the Avesta and

of the Old Testament is certain from history, and so many are the points of contact between them that while rationalistic commentators have insisted that many points in Jewish and Christian doctrine are really derived from the Avesta, Catholic writers have not denied the points of resemblance, but have replied that if there was any borrowing the Magi borrowed from the Jews. This second view is now made very probable by the comparatively late date which recent research is more and more clearly assigning to the Avesta. The fact of contact is, however, too clear to be denied, however it may be explained.

If, then, we suppose the Magi of St. Matthew to have been men of the priestly class from Persia, that is from the Parthian Empire, we may well suppose they were among the best of their class, men who clung to what was highest in the religion of their fathers, worshippers of one God, men who held that holiness lay not merely in outer form, but also in purity of word and thought and deed, men too who expected the coming of a future conqueror of evil, and knew from the sons of the Jewish exiles something of the hopes of Israel. They would thus be sharers in that general expectation which Tacitus and Suetonius tell us had spread through the East, that Asia was to gather new life and strength from some great change in which Judæa was to play a leading part. We can well understand how the minds of such men would be ready to welcome the Divine message that told them of the realization of their hopes, though in a way so different from all that mere human foresight would expect. This is certainly a more probable view than the curious theory of some commentators that the Wise Men were sprung from Balaam's people, and knew of his prophecy by tradition!

All this bears upon the question with which the second part of this inquiry began; it will be seen that the argument that the Magi of St. Matthew were from Persia, and not wizards from Arabia, is greatly strengthened by what we have learned in recent years of certain features of the old faith of the Avesta. But still it must be confessed that the theory that the Magi came from Persia is not certain, but at most very probable. It would seem that the obscurity in which the Scriptures have left the personality of the Magi will never be cleared up. At most we can but clear away the further obscurity caused by baseless traditions that make them kings and fix on them imaginary names.

In St. Ephrem's beautiful poem on the coming of the Magi, our Blessed Lady bids them farewell with the words, "May Persia rejoice at your message, and Assyria exult at your return; and when the Kingdom of my Son shall be made manifest, He shall plant His standard in your land." We may feel quite sure that the Christian poet's instinct speaks here aright, that the Saviour who drew the Magi to His feet did not allow them to fall back into Gentile darkness, but that there was a connection between their return to their own land and the early progress of Christianity beyond the Euphrates, even though we know nothing of their personal share in it. Later on, under the persecution of Shâpur, Persia gave hosts of heroic martyrs to the Church, but despite these persecutions and the subsequent Mohammedan conquest, the faith has never wholly disappeared from the land of the Magi. The standard of the Babe of Bethlehem has remained planted in their land, even though the army mustered under it is but a small one. Will the day ever come when the faith in the redemption of which the Wise Men were the first-fruits among the Gentiles will have won Persia and the ancient East to itself, and pilgrims from distant Asia will find their way to the shrine where the relics of those first pilgrims of the East rest in the choir of Cologne?

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

Evening.

THE evening light is waning
Down in yon valley dim ;
The winds have ceased complaining,
And sing their vesper hymn.

A few stray birds are winging
Their homeward flight to nest ;
The convent bells are ringing—
Their music breathes of rest.

Low bending o'er the rivers
The ash scarce stirs its leaf ;
The tim'rous aspen shivers,
And sighs as if with grief.

Within the twilight meadows,
Closed is the daisy's eye ;
Amid the deepening shadows
The drowsy cattle lie.

The peaceful flocks are sleeping
Beside the shady rill ;
Soft dews around are weeping,
And all the world is still.

What sudden light surprises
Behind the purple wave ?
The golden moon uprises
From out her ocean grave.

Her mellow light is stealing
O'er all the landscape grey,
To tender souls appealing
More than the lord of day.

What silver ray is gleaming
Down in this little rill ?
The evening star is beaming
Above the heath-clad hill.

O tender star of even
That peeps into the rill !
O gentle winds of even,
That whisper round the hill !

O white-robed moon of even,
That shineth o'er the sea !
O deep blue, far off Heaven,
Bend down and comfort me !

M. NETHERCOTT.

Newspapers versus Books.

BOOKSELLERS tell us that the past year has not been fruitful either in quantity or quality of literature. Such an estimate must be one of taste more than of fact. There are whole classes who keep to one kind of literature; and there is even a large class to whom "books" are unknown. The newspaper is the favourite literature of the masses—or, to say the least of it, the *most widely read* kind of literature. There are thousands of persons of very fair education, of perhaps more than an average intelligence, who scarcely open a book from one year's end to another's, or who scarcely "dip into" a high toned magazine. There is a still larger class who regard books as serious matters; to be most admired when most handsomely bound; to be bought as very rare and expensive luxuries, and to be shelved among the properties of the family. It may be said, speaking widely, that the difference between our own time and the time of our grandfathers or great-grandfathers is that now-a-days men read newspapers, not books, whereas our great-grandfathers read books, not newspapers.

A hundred years ago there were no newspapers to read. If we pay a visit to the library of the British Museum, and ask to see the files of the earliest newspapers, we shall scarcely wonder that our great-grandfathers found such pabulum insufficient, and sought for more robust mental food. An Editor of a new newspaper, about the year 1817, told his hoped-for subscribers that his great claim to their patronage would be that he would *not* express opinions; would *not* indulge in criticism on events; as he considered it "an impertinence"—of which some journalists had been guilty—to imply that "the public wanted teaching what to think." Within thirty years of that date there was scarcely a newspaper in the kingdom which did not affect to "teach" everybody on every subject. The institution, "leading article," wrought this change. Some sharp paragraphs which the *Times* newspaper published against the Government, for having unjustly stopped

its French correspondence,—about the time when the First Napoleon was becoming terrible,—were the apology for the new feature, leading article, and perhaps the origin of all leaders that were to follow. The power of the Press is now its leaders. Newspapers *are* leaders, authoritatively. It is this feature—destined to work a revolution which has changed the literary habits of Englishmen—which, being enjoyed by ourselves, makes us “newspapery;” just as our forefathers, being without it, were “literary.”

So that, humiliating as is the fact, the sovereignty of the modern newspaper has compelled books to take the place of obedient subjects. And the throne of this sovereignty is the leading article. There is no class of books which is sacred from the judgment-seat of even the humblest, the least competent of journalists. Authors write; journalists judge. “You will submit to *us* (the plural is very convenient) your right to be regarded as a teacher. If your book is ordinary, we will give you a critique; if it is really above the average, or on some very important subject, or if you, the author, are a known man, and influential, we will throne ourselves on our wool-sack, the leader-column, and will sum you up in most Chief-Justice style. And when *we*, clothed in crimson and ermine, have pronounced sentence on you and your book, you can take your place in literary rank or obscurity, and remain there till we tell you to come out of it.”

Comic as is the truth, even first class literary men have a fear and trembling of the professional critic; and this, not because *they* value his censure, but because *the public* will read the censure—not the book. Here we have one of the reasons why newspapers have been successful in usurping the “imperium” that belonged to books. The newspapers give the gist of a new book, and, with it, a rounded criticism on its merits; so that, for a penny or twopence, the general public learns as much as it is careful to know about new books; and so is saved both the trouble and the expense of “reading books,” and the disappointment of buying books not worth reading. Why wade through five hundred pages—which may cost twelve shillings and sixpence—when, in a column and a quarter, and for the moderate outlay of an odd copper or two, you can get a digest of the arguments *with* a criticism? An intelligent clerk, as he walks home from business, purchases his favourite evening newspaper; and by the time he reaches home

has fully mastered the whole grip of that new book of which his friends had been talking. The next day he can discuss its merits, or perhaps laugh at it. Or, if the book were sufficiently important to deserve a leader, he can talk confidently about its place in the literary ranks. And no time has been lost, no money has been spent, no disappointment has been suffered, *after* purchase. The newspaper is guide, counsellor, and friend. A hundred years ago such "second-handedness" was impossible. The Editor whom we have quoted as commending himself to his readers, on the ground that he had not "the impertinence to think for them," would marvel could he contemplate, in these days, the gratitude of the general public for such impertinence. "What are newspapers *for*," ask the general public, "except to save us the trouble of thinking for ourselves about matters which we pay them to judge for us?"

So much as to books, in their relation to newspapers, or rather in their dependence upon newspapers. But it is not only true that newspapers *supplant* literature; they *become* literature, in the minds of the general public. Books are a mere item of the popular news. Now there is no question as to the immense variety or range of information which is offered by really good class daily newspapers; nor any question as to the admirable compass and also fairness of such "weeklies" as are designed for the superior classes. With the exception only of certain notorious, bitter papers, which "take sides," like the Chinese and the French—or which, without any apparent motive or *casus belli*, take a side because it is the wrong side to take—the majority of our weeklies, and perhaps even of our dailies, deal fairly and competently with most subjects. But the one evil of all newspapers, as contrasted with books, is that they dissipate the mind by too much range. Before a reader has digested the aliment which he was deriving from a good synopsis of some interesting subject, he is plunged out of warm water into cold water, or out of a serene, pleasant atmosphere into storm. His mind, in the course of about twenty minutes, has lived in a score of countries, a score of climates; has been steeped in iniquity, has been edified by virtue, has been chaosed by a contrariety of emotions. He puts the paper down—in a score of moods. "Was that last impression literary, or was it criminal?" he has to ask himself when he has finished his paper; "was it historical, or fictional, or freethinking? Let me

look again at that passage. Where was it? I have forgotten whether it was a murder or a new patent. I know there was *something* I meant to note; but one thing has put another thing out of mind." Thus the dissipation of the mind, after twenty minutes' reading, is, to say the least of it, unfavourable to study. Just as a book on some grand subject concentrates all forces, and maintains the unity of thought, heart, or purpose, so a newspaper leaves the mind, like the playthings of a child, in a state of *débris*, which requires time for re-adjustment. This is not of course true of thoroughly disciplined minds, but it is true of the reckless reader for diversion. It is true of the simply idle, the aimless. And it seems likely that the recognition of the province of newspapers, as in itself a sufficient substitute for literature, has done more to weaken studious habits, or even to destroy study altogether, than any one of the inventions of civilization. A man's mind is necessarily open to being interested, and interest is coequal with concentration. We weaken the faculty of being interested in great things, by a score of petty absorptions upon trifles. In twenty minutes a whole day's faculty may be shattered. It may be replied: "This is better than leading the vegetative career which people who have *no* interests usually endure." And this would be true, if the interests which were excited were mainly of an elevating character. But who can say that a mind which turns from war or from a franchise bill to a police report, a divorce report, a bit of freethinking; a mind which only rests for a moment on a soothing fragment, and then revels in the horrid details of the last crime; can be interested in such sense as either to enjoy its own powers, or to derive the smallest benefit from the dissipation?

There arises therefore the question: Does the amount of information which is garnered from the daily reading of the newspapers at all compensate, in quality or quantity, for the lessening of the power of concentration? Probably not; both because of the skimming of what is good, and the—it may be—unwilling zest in what is evil. It is most useful and improving to know of all the new inventions, the new developments of science or industry; it is a great gain to have put before us, in quick and cheap form, the best ideas of the best writers on the best subjects; but no one can maintain that the mere "reading *of*" a thousand things is so useful as to master one thing for oneself. Superficiality is the bane of most journal-

reading. It is also the bane of most journal-writing. A journalist has to write on any subject which his editor (or which that still more important personage, his "proprietor") may think likely to be interesting to his patrons; and he has to keep to a given "line" of sustained advocacy or sustained antagonism, so as to preserve the established unities of the paper. He not only has to write on a vast variety of subjects—most of which he can know only superficially, and some of which he can treat only with an "exhaustive ignorance"—but he has to write always with a given leaning or bias, so as not to stultify the previous preaching of the staff. Hence newspapers—above all their leading articles—are but suggestive of a view on *all* subjects; so much so that there are thousands of persons who will not even look into a newspaper of which the bias is foreknown not to be their own. This is of course specially true in regard to politics. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Hackney it is almost impossible to buy a *Globe*, because the *Globe* is a Conservative paper. And this one-eyedness of groove is as common to "religious" as to political and literary papers. So that men who adopt newspapers for their only literature are at the mercy of "proprietors" for a just advocacy of what is treated, and for the unjust omission of unwelcome matter. What is "put in," is put in to please; and all that might offend is left out. Newspapers are but commercial speculations; and their contents are arranged, like the windows of a shop, to attract the greatest numbers of customers.

One of the oddest of the delusions of the British mind is that "a free press is a guarantee of truth, since everything *can* be said about everything." The public, in their simplicity, forget that an "organ" has *first* to be considered financially; so that every advocacy, every statement, every suppression, must be weighed with primary reference to "circulation." In the days when the *Times* was supreme monarch of the British Press, there was no more chance of getting insertion in its columns for all the facts that could be stated on the counter-side, than of persuading an east wind to blow leaves from the west, or an ebb tide to drift a boat towards shore. The *Times* simply suppressed what it did not like, and published what was favourable to its "line." The penny newspapers have done this immense service to the public—that various advocacies find their place in various journals. But since the rule is that each Englishman takes in *only* that journal which professedly advo-

cates *his* view, the primary object with every journal is to caress and cherish the prejudices which it knows are most dear to its patrons. Hence, "the freedom of the Press" means the freedom to *not* say anything which might lose one subscriber by giving offence. It is also the freedom to publish every "tit-bit"—however hostile to the public good or to edification—which may tickle the morbid palate of subscribers. Take one example of this truth. A few months ago, Mr. Herbert Spencer wrote an article in a magazine which contained a wanton attack on Christianity. Most of the newspapers quoted the "remarkable passages"—remarkable for their mis-statement of truth. Not even one of the daily papers "came out with a leader," to resent such impiety and fatuity. And the reason was self-evident: that *more* readers would be gratified by reading something abnormal about Christianity, than by reading a castigation of superficial objections—such as was furnished by more than one Catholic paper. Now here we have an example of the worst influence of newspapers, in their relation to books, bad or good. A newspaper can spread the poison of a bad book, without so much as a hint at any antidote; just as it can lessen the influence of a good book, by a wily, faint allusion to its merits. The public, reading the "notice" of a good book, think: "Ah, I dare say there may be something in that book; but probably the papers will have more to tell me about it; and really I cannot go to a circulating library, to take the chance of the book not being 'in.' I will ask my friends whether they have heard anything about it. I have no time to read newspapers *and* books; and newspapers, of course, one must read." So the impression as to the bad book is rivetted in the mind, because the newspapers gave only the "remarkable passages;" while the impression as to the good book is, that it *may* be very good, but the newspapers are likely to say enough about it.

Is there, then, no bright side to the "imperium" which the newspapers have snatched from the old literature? Is it not a boon to be presented with rounded "leaders" on subjects which we have not digested for ourselves; to know what the British Association has been doing; what the Convocation of Anglican clergy has *not* been doing; what the big scientists are proposing for our bewilderment; what the big talkers are telling big meetings about the Franchise Bill; what the French say of the English, and the Germans say of the French, and the Irish say of their too-neighbourly "step-brothers?" All this

being conceded, we go back to the conviction, that, in the days when men read books and books only, they read *more* than they now read in newspapers. For to read a grand book on a grand subject,—or even to read a fair book on a useful subject,—when newspapers were, at the most, mere fact-chroniclers, was to get the mind thoroughly educated on that subject, so much so as to be imbued by it for life. The very industry of concentration was in itself an education; just as the listlessness of skimming papers is a dissipation. It is not a question—in comparing the two studies—how much of how many subjects we may “know of;” it is a question, primarily, of the habit of mind which is cherished, and, secondly, of the depth of knowledge which is acquired. May we not attribute much of that restless superficiality which marks the tone of the conversation of young men (and also the tone of many pretentious, sceptical writers), to the mental and moral weakening of the faculty of concentration which comes from the perpetually reading a little about everything? To the real student, or to the man whose mind is formed, the newspaper is a recreation, a relaxation; but to the immense majority of the public it is the distraction of their whole lives, a demoralization of the mind-and-nerve forces. Such a remark can apply only to the ordinary newspaper. Of class-papers, of papers devoted to mental culture, it is impossible to speak too highly, as a rule. There are “weeklies” which might rank with the purest literature, in point of subject, and object, and capacity; just as there are papers whose main object is “religious,”—but which combine general news with pure advocacy,—of which even Doctors of the Church might not have disdained to take the Chair, and to which more than one Pontiff has given sanction. So that we accept the position that “newspapers *may* be literature,” quite as much in their spirit as are first-class books; only qualifying the admission with this careful proviso: that to read the daily papers, daily, morning, afternoon, and evening, is one of the most uneducating processes a man can yield to.

A. F. M.

The Religion of Hamlet.

THE interesting question of Shakspeare's religion cannot, it seems, be settled in any final or decisive manner, such as partisans would desire. Nor can we boldly place our poet on one side or the other of a dividing line. In this matter we cannot be, as Hamlet styles the Gravedigger, "absolute." Shakspeare lived so close to the Reformation that, though there had been a convulsion and casting off of Roman authority, Catholic traditions and thought and usage must have still obtained. But the fact that Shakspeare was an actor and author, dependant on the "form and pressure" of the time, living on the patronage of influential persons and the public, and occupying a rather servile and helpless position, shows how unlikely, and indeed impossible, it was for him to have openly adhered to the old faith. Such avowed adhesion, combined with his numerous favourable descriptions of Catholicity and the other various allusions to it, would have assuredly drawn reprobation on him, as a recreant or propagandist. On the other hand, he might safely indulge in such poetical license when he could appeal to his own Protestant status.

At the same time we are inclined to believe that he was Catholic at heart, that he knew or held Catholic doctrines and had Catholic sympathies. This odd state, a feeling of hostility to the government while accepting the doctrine of the Church, could be illustrated by the state of neighbouring countries, notably of France, where liberal "Catholics" are found waging war on the Church, and where the Catholic peasants elect men that are pledged to the destruction of their Church. The state of Shakspeare's mind is shown by the sort of compensation he seems to take for indulgence in any picture favourable to Catholicity. It is generally followed by some uncomplimentary denunciation. Very many volumes have been written on the question of Shakspeare's religion, and some Germans have applied, in their laborious way, all the formal canons of criticism

to the point. In a similar spirit treatises have been written to prove that our great author was a lawyer, a divine, a doctor, &c., the theory being based on the profound knowledge exhibited in each department, and which could only have been supplied by professional training. But all this seems a narrow view. A true basis of investigation will be found in that large and general treatment which he applied to human character, furnishing *types eterne* which all recognize as belonging to no era or country, and are not limited by accidents of race or nation. His own character, it might as well be argued, was thus portrayed, and the arguments would be similar to those intended to prove that he belonged to a peculiar profession. The great Catholic religion was in harmony, from its very universality, with the Shakspeare view of all things. And so great a mind as his was would naturally be in keeping with that world-wide system, rather than with the local and more recently established forms. Hence his perfect knowledge of its spirit. The conclusion therefore would be, that while he was one with the bulk of the nation in its official form, his spirit was Catholic, and Catholicity was congenial to his soul. It is some such broad view that must be taken of the question, for the laborious examination of every play and debating of Catholic and Protestant passages savours too much of the Dry-as-dust spirit.

The recent production of *Hamlet* at the Princess's Theatre and its intelligent performance by Mr. Wilson Barrett has turned all thoughts to this, the most absorbing and interesting of Shakspeare's plays. *Hamlet* is also, in a sense, the most Catholic of his works, and therefore, though in this respect not "as wide as a church door," will certainly serve better than any other that might be selected to illustrate his religious position. The return of Hamlet's father from the other world and the incidents connected with the Ghost are treated of in the spirit of Catholic legends, and the idea of coming back to get ease for his troubled soul, through the assistance of some one on earth, is altogether according to popular Catholic usage and belief. Only one within the Catholic circle could have thus spoken :

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost !

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

This awful picture comes home to every Catholic; though the worthy Dr. Whalley of Bath sees a something soundly Protestant in the similar phrase used by Bishop Godwin Douglas—

Thus the many vices
Contrakkit in the corporis be done away
And purgit.

"These are," he says, "the very words of our liturgy in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick: 'Whatsoever defilements it may have contracted being purged and done away.'" But not surely by Purgatorial flames.

After narrating the incidents of his murder, the King does not reckon so much of that foul despatch as of his being cut off unprepared and without the last sacraments:

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

"Unhousel'd" means without having received the Holy Eucharist; *husel* being the Anglo-Saxon substitute for the Eucharist; "disappointed," *i.e.*, unappointed, not fitted out for the last journey; while "unaneal'd" was "unoiled" or unanointed. "No reckoning made," *i.e.*, unconfessed, and "sent to my account with all my imperfections," &c., that is, unabsolved. No wonder the Ghost bewails his fate as "Horrible! most horrible!"

The objection will naturally be made that it is highly un-Catholic that a spirit suffering in Purgatory should be allowed to return to earth to incite his son to revenge his murder. There are many Catholic incidents thus defaced by similar un-Christian elements, which are however not of the essence of the story, and many superstitions current among the vulgar, which are unsanctioned, especially in relation to the revenge of personal or family wrongs. But here the Ghost, though he uses the word "revenge," seems to mean "chastise," or rather, "bring to judgment" the man who was murderer, incestuous, and a usurper.

Hamlet knew perfectly the law of God as to suicide, for in one of his earlier communings he wishes either to die at once,

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

He then breaks into an appeal to his Maker :

O God ! O God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world !
Fie on't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed : things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely.

which is inconsistent enough with his later admiration of the human race :

What a thing is man !

All these seem the contradictions of a mind that had cast off the yoke and the practice, or knew not the law of religious teaching, which is to bear all things, to accept trials as sent for the best. The whole of the debate on suicide is at least of an "agnostic" character.

To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—, and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ?—to sleep ?—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—aye, there's the rub ;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause : . . .
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will ;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of ?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ?

"Puzzles the will," "What dreams *may* come," "The *undiscovered* country." Surely the country is sufficiently discovered for the Christian to know the "ills" that must certainly await him. But audiences ever listen to this little debate with sympathy, and seem to think a handsome concession has been made in the admission that there *may* be something beyond which might make suicide an injudicious and unsafe thing. This casting away of everything, religion even, that was likely to stand between him and his purpose seems to be foreshadowed in his speech after the disappearance of the Ghost.

Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment *all alone* shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter.

This phrase, "All forms, all pressures," the poet was partial to, for he describes the players as representing "the form and pressure" of the times. It must be admitted, however, that his affection for his mother prompts him to enjoin her the virtues of repentance and satisfaction.

Confess yourself to Heaven;

Repent what's past; *avoid what is to come*;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue.

His plea for killing Polonius was that he was irresponsible.

For this same lord,

I do repent. But Heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

"And this with me," that is, it was for the ends of "Heaven" the innocent Polonius should suffer also. He was carrying out the direction of the Ghost—that is, of "Heaven"—and if in acting as the "scourge and minister" of this supernatural power he killed one person by mistake, that was not his affair.

For Hamlet himself nothing can be said, and it is a fresh

triumph of Shakspeare's genius that he should make so flagitious and even bloodthirsty a character interesting, while apparently devoid of all religious or moral feeling. This may seem a rashly profane declaration, but here is his record: two attempts on the King's life, and the third successful; the murder of Polonius, an inoffensive old man and the father of his "sweet-heart;" the murder of her brother; a deliberation with himself as to whether he should commit suicide; barbarous treatment of his mistress, the cause of her suicide; a prepared assassination of the King forborne for the moment on grounds so diabolical and malignant that up to recent times the scene has been always omitted on the supposition that the natural feeling of the audience would not tolerate it.

Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't; and so he goes to Heaven:
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To Heaven.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May.
And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
*Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As Hell, whereto it goes.*

Ophelia's last song in her madness—her last words, in fact—is also conceived in a Catholic spirit.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God a' mercy on his soul.

Her father, Polonius, uses the phrase, "By the Mass!" Ophelia, distraught, drowns herself, and it was at first doubted whether she is to have Christian burial: but a sort of verdict having been charitably found that she was distraught, she was interred in consecrated ground, but with "maimed rites." Here, again, Shakspeare shows himself profoundly intimate with the Catholic indulgence which the Church on occasion can show,

however uncompromising she is. The goodman delver first explains the case to his fellow :

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is ; therefore make her grave straight ; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence ?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

But when the funeral procession arrives, the officiating priest explains the situation with more authority. Hamlet asks :

Who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites ! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate
Couch we a while and mark.

Laertes, expecting the usual prayers and blessings, asks :

What ceremony else ?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty : her death was doubtful ;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order ;
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last trumpet ; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants (*i.e.* garlands),
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more be done !

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth :—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring !—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Nothing could have been more in accordance with the canonical rule. "Her death was doubtful," though it was all but certain she had drowned herself. Still, not to be too harsh, "her obsequies had been as far enlarged as we have warranty." She was placed in consecrated ground, the bell was tolled, and the priests attended. The share of the Church and of the State in this business is thus distinguished. It is evidence of this clear comprehension of Shakspeare that one of his commentators, the aforesaid Dr. Whalley of Bath, sapiently suggests:

“‘As we have warranty.’ Is there any allusion here to the coroner’s warrant, directed to the minister and churchwardens of a parish, and permitting the body of a person, who comes to an untimely end, to receive Christian burial?”

King. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon’t.
A brother’s murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Where to serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what’s in prayer but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon’d, being down ? Then I’ll look up :
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess’d
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon’d, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft ’tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But ’tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell’d,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O, limed soul ; that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag’d ! Help, angels, make assay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe ;
All may be well !

Now this wonderful picture of “heart-searching,” this self-anatomizing of a guilty soul, in every shade and stage, is purely Catholic. It exhibits clearly and perfectly all the elements of the Catholic doctrine of repentance. There is here a wholesome probing, the discipline of “a man proving himself,” taking stock of his guilty state, and debating which is the best of two remedies.

He comes to his task with what seems the best dispositions.

What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow?

At the end and after much logical reasoning, he takes the course of appealing to Heaven to aid him in his prayers, and bends his stubborn knees. During some minutes he engages in this hopeless duty. Then rises, owning that he cannot pray, that is, he cannot feel sorrow :

Try what repentance can : What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state!

And so he finds it. He goes his way declaring :

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thought never to Heaven go."

This dreadful picture, as many a Catholic confessor can tell, is the most ordinary and natural mind for the Catholic sinner who wishes to change his life. Such a one after a long course of sin, hardened it may be by neglect of all Catholic duties, the sacraments, and even attendance at church, feels a growing alarm at his condition, but nothing beyond that. He will say:

Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; . . .
I stand in pause where I shall first begin.

He knows, too, and has heard again and again, that mercy and forgiveness is found when asked for—

For what's in prayer but this two-fold force—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall.

All this is perpetually insisted on in our Church manuals and in all devotional books, in the perpetual need of guarding against sin by prayer, and strengthening the virtuous principle by acts. Then comes another eminently Catholic doctrine: no tranquil reliance on "the Blood of the Lamb, which sufficeth for all things," but the sure and certain reckoning that awaits us.

*There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence.*

An awful picture indeed. Then would come the pinch. The question of restitution, or rather satisfaction and self-punishment, which he feels *must* be proportioned, whatever shape it is to take, to the enormity of his act. And many a Catholic in these dispositions has found himself, by this thought, driven to "put off," as he thinks, but in reality wholly to forego, his repentance. He may be tempted, like the King, to say—

Then I'll look up : *my fault is past.*

But instantly this foolish doubt recurs—

May one be pardoned and retain the offence ?

But he knows well he cannot, in which mood he seems to catch at a straw—anything that will set free his *limed soul*, that is, the poor fluttering thing stuck fast and glued into the bird-lime of sin, and that, "struggling to be free," was only more "engaged." He will pray, "All may yet be well."

Alas, no ! He will rise, like the King ; his words will fly up ; but his thought will remain below. And this *must* be so so long as he shuns the necessary process, namely, *confession*. The whole, as I said, is a common picture of the would-be repentant Catholic, "the limed soul," that is disturbed and afraid, but will not consult his physician. Thousands, with a strange lack of confidence in the implicit direction of the Church, have risen from their knees with the King's words on their lips—

What then ? What rests ?

Try what repentance can :

What can it not ?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?

And so in despair have given up the attempt. There is a passage in one of Cardinal Manning's smaller devotional works, which exactly meets this wretched case. He bids the sinner who, like the King, protests, "What can it, when one cannot repent ?" not to heed such callousness, nor to be waiting for some emotional gust of sorrow, but hie at once to the tribunal of penitence. Only those who have tried it know the all but supernatural change that is wrought. This the guilty King would not do, which is implied in his refusal to make "satisfaction." Had this intention been in his mind, it may be said that his state of callousness was more seeming than real, and

he would have found his heart touched. His dissuasion of Hamlet from indulging in excess of grief is orthodox enough :

To do obsequious sorrow : but to perséver
In obstinate condolément, is a course
Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven ;
A heart unmortified, or mind impatient ;

Fie ! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day.
This must be so.

These few reflections illustrate what we have been contending for : which is not that Shakspeare was a Catholic—indeed, the only logical proof to be drawn from a man's writings would be a positive profession of faith—but that the spirit of his writing is more than consistent with his being a Catholic.

Some Intrinsic Evidences of the Gospels' Genuineness.

PART THE THIRD.

ANY ONE who studies the political career of the Jews during the time of Christ and up to the destruction of Jerusalem¹ must be convinced that it was distinguished by many riots and tumults occasioned not only by hatred of the Roman power, but also by disunion amongst the children of Israel themselves.² In many places there appear violence, conspiracies, and fraud. The laws are badly observed and still more wretchedly administered. Robbers prowl about even in the public ways, and armed villainy, thirsting for blood and plunder, meets one at almost every turn. Society is unstrung. Now this is the very picture which the Gospels paint, if we only try to focus the rays which here and there they present to our eye. Let us combine the hints conveyed in our Lord's parables and in some of the circumstances of His preaching.³ "A man goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho,⁴ and falling among thieves, is plundered, stripped of his raiment, wounded, and left to die.⁵ Another plants a vineyard, and sends his servants to receive the fruits; but the husbandmen seize those servants, and beat one, kill another, and stone a third.⁶ The judge fears not God nor has regard for man, and he only executes justice in avenging the poor widow

¹ A.D. 69—70.

² This is historical, and is quite clear from Josephus, especially from the last books of the *Antiquities* and the *Wars*, hence it would be useless to bring together instances. One however may be mentioned to show that no position was safe, and it is this. Ten men conspired against Herod, binding themselves by oath to kill him. They entered the theatre, where he was, secretly and armed with daggers hidden under their clothes. Some accidental circumstances, however, prevented the fulfilment of their design (*Antiq.* bk. xv. ch. 8).

³ St. Luke x. 30.

⁴ This road was so notorious as the scene of murders and robberies that it was commonly called "the bloody way."

⁵ St. Matt. xxi. 23; St. Mark xii. 1; St. Luke xx. 9.

⁶ St. Luke xviii. 2.

because he fears by her importunity she may weary him.⁷ The steward wastes his master's goods, and by defrauding him of what he is justly owed, secures for himself a retreat and maintenance. We are told that the thief cometh in the night, and the master must watch that his home be not broken up;⁸ that the kingdom divided against itself is brought to ruin, and that the house so divided cannot stand;⁹ that the strong man must be bound before his dwelling is plundered,¹⁰ and that it is folly to lay up for ourselves treasures on earth where thieves break through and steal.¹¹ Again, there is the enemy who with malice hath sown tares amongst his neighbour's wheat, and then went his way,¹² the man who found a treasure in another's field, and with cunning sold all he had, and bought that field,¹³ and so in many other instances. A public speaker, and more especially a teacher, usually draws his illustrations from subjects which are familiar to his hearers, how reasonable then is it to suppose that our Saviour would be determined largely in the selection of materials for His various parables, which are in reality the explanation of His moral lessons, by the circumstances of the history and conduct of the Jewish people at the time in which He lived and taught. This expectation becomes almost a certainty when we see how plainly and how truly these several parables bring before us the actual state of the Jews in that age. We gather the same from some incidents mentioned by the Evangelists in connection with our Lord's missionary work. Thus, when He would have preached in Nazareth,¹⁴ the people rising up thrust Him out of the city, and leading Him to the brow of the hill would have cast Him down. The Jews took up stones to kill Him,¹⁵ and when at last they seized Him, it was with a great multitude, armed with swords and staves, as if against a robber.¹⁶ Brute force and cruelty were the warrant of the law. Barabbas, whom the Jews preferred to Christ, was put in prison with other seditious persons for that he had committed murder in an insurrection;¹⁷ and our Lord died between "two thieves."¹⁸ Such then are the glimpses we

⁷ St. Luke xvi. 1.⁸ St. Matt. xxiv. 43; St. Luke xii. 39.⁹ St. Matt. xii. 25; St. Luke xi. 17.¹⁰ St. Matt. xii. 29; St. Luke xi. 21, 22.¹¹ St. Matt. vi. 19; St. Luke xii. 33.¹² St. Matt. xiii. 25. ¹³ St. Matt. xiii. 44.¹⁴ St. Luke iv. 29.¹⁵ St. John viii. 59; and x. 31.¹⁶ St. Matt. xxvi. 47; St. Mark xiv. 43; St. Luke xxii. 47; St. John xviii. 3.¹⁷ St. Matt. xxvii. 16; St. Mark xv. 7; St. Luke xxiii. 18, 19; St. John xviii. 40.¹⁸ St. Matt. xxvii. 38; St. Mark xv. 27; St. Luke xxiii. 33.

get of the lawless state of Judea in the time of Christ,¹⁹ which is an exact counterpart of what we read in Josephus. And yet the Gospels do not pretend to treat of Judea in any special way. Could such consistent accuracy, on an altogether secondary subject, and through merely casual notices, be attained by impostors who wrote a century later?

During the time of Christ, one of the most bitter controversies among the Jews concerned the lawfulness of giving tribute to the Roman Emperor.²⁰ The Nationalist party, which was very large, maintained that Jehovah alone was King and ruler of Israel, and looked upon the acknowledgment of any other sovereign as the abandonment of the theocratic principle.²¹ On the other hand, many of the Jews acknowledged either Herod or Cæsar as their King, and held, according to a principle which we have already shown²² to have been admitted rather generally, that by the very fact of recognizing a sovereign, his coinage and taxes were also recognized. However, when it came to practice, the Jews as a rule, and more especially the Pharisees, were very much opposed to the payment of this tribute, as it reminded them of their hateful subjection to the galling yoke of the Roman. This question of tribute comes also before us in the Gospels,²³ for the Pharisees and Herodians (members of a political sect which acknowledged the sovereignty of the Herod family and consequently also, at least in part, that of the Roman Emperor, since it was he from whom Herod held his power) come to Christ, and temptingly ask the question, "Master, is it lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar?"²⁴ Our Lord, having examined the superscription of the coin, decides the matter indirectly by appealing to the principle already spoken of. It is clear that here was a very serious alternative presented to Christ; for "to have said "No" would have been to command rebellion; to have said simply "Yes" would have been to give a painful shock to deep feeling, and in the eyes of many to have given up His claim of being Israel's King."²⁵ It has been objected against this incident that it was most unlikely that Christ could have

¹⁹ We are indebted for much of this argument to Blunt's *Scriptural Coincidences*.

²⁰ Edersheim, vol. ii. bk. v. ch. iii.; Farrar, *Life of Christ*, p. 558, &c.; *Bible Hand-book*, "Taxes," &c.

²¹ Edersheim, vol. ii. bk. v. ch. iii.; Josephus, *Antiq.* bk. xviii. ch. i. sect. 6; and *Wars*, bk. vii. ch. x. sect. i.

²² In our first paper on these "Evidences."

²³ St. Matt. xxii. 17; St. Mark xii. 14; St. Luke xx. 21, 22.

²⁴ *Ibid.*

²⁵ Edersheim, in loc.

received a coin with the image or superscription of Cæsar, but without reason; for although it is true that the coins which the Emperors, until the time of Vespasian, struck specially for Palestine had no such mark, still it is also certain that such foreign coins found their way into Judea, that the coinage of the Tetrarch Philip had upon it the image of Tiberius,²⁶ and that small brass coins issued under the Procurators Coponius, Ambivius, and Rufus, and having such superscription, were circulated in Judea at the time.²⁷ How unsavoury was this Roman tax to the Jews, and especially to the Pharisees, is made very clear by the Evangelists. It is most evident from the way in which the publicans, the collectors of this tax, were hated and despised. They are invariably coupled with sinners,²⁸ and the Pharisee praying in the Temple calls them "extortioners and unjust."²⁹ One of the great charges brought by the Pharisees against Christ was that He was "the friend of publicans and sinners," and eat with them. "Why doth your Master," said they to the disciples, "eat with publicans and sinners?"³⁰ Our Lord Himself alludes to this dislike of theirs, telling the disciples to avoid those who do not hear the Church as they would publicans and heathens;³¹ but at the same time He takes care to point out that the estimate which the Pharisees had of the publicans was not a true one, for He says that these publicans will enter the Kingdom of Heaven before them,³² and that they believed in His Precursor and received his baptism, when the Pharisees would not, "but despised the counsel of God against themselves."³³ The Evangelist tells us also that many of the publicans and sinners drew near to hear our Lord³⁴—that is, to learn from Him, which is never said of the proud and self-righteous Pharisees.

So much for the political character of the Jewish people in the time of Christ, and of the marvellous accuracy of the

²⁶ Schürer, *New-Testamenten Zeitgeschichte*, p. 231.

²⁷ *Aids to the Student of the Holy Bible*, "Tribute," v. 84.

²⁸ St. Matt. ix. 10, 11; St. Mark ii. 15, 16; St. Luke ix. 29, 30; xv. 1, 2. compare St. Matt. xi. 19.

²⁹ St. Luke xviii. 11.

³⁰ See passages under 28.

³¹ St. Matt. xviii. 17; compare St. Matt. v. 46, 47. This hatred of the publicans is constantly expressed in Rabbinical literature. Thus it was said that repentance was especially difficult for them (*Baba Kamma*, 94 b). They were disqualified from being judges and witnesses (*Sanhedrin*, 25 b).

³² St. Matt. xxi. 31. Compare St. Luke xix. 8, 9 and xiii. 28, 29.

³³ St. Matt. xxi. 32; compare St. Luke iii. 12, and vii. 29, 30.

³⁴ St. Luke xv. 1.

Gospels whenever they refer to it. As we have seen, the lawless state of the country meant much sin and wickedness, and from this we are naturally led to inquire further, what was the moral character of the Jews, in other matters, during the same period. We have the most ample evidence from Josephus that they were steeped in immorality. "That was," he says, "indeed a time fruitful of all sorts of wickedness among the Jews, so that no evil whatever was left unpractised. It is impossible for man to contrive any new wickedness which was not then committed." "They (the Jews) were universally corrupt, both publicly and privately, they vied to surpass each other in impiety to God and injustice against man."³⁵ "I cannot forbear declaring my opinion, though the declaration fills me with shame and regret, that if the Romans had delayed to come against these wretches, the city (Jerusalem) would either have been engulfed by an earthquake, overwhelmed by a deluge, or destroyed by fire from Heaven as Sodom was, for that generation was far more enormously wicked than those who suffered these calamities."³⁶ "To reckon up all their villainies is impossible, but in a word, never was there from the beginning of the world a time more fruitful in wickedness."³⁷ Such is the testimony of the historian, himself a Jew, and a strong lover of his people. We forbear from giving any particulars, as the crimes of which the Jews were guilty are too unnatural and disgusting to place before our readers. Surely the passages we have cited are sufficiently plain. Yet some writers would have us believe that there is no historical evidence for the wickedness of the Jews in the time of Christ, and this because Josephus is speaking of the time which immediately preceded the destruction of Jerusalem.

It is not difficult to refute such an argument. Peoples like individuals do not become on a sudden either very bad or very good. History as well as individual experience testifies this, and it is perfectly impossible to suppose that the Jewish people can have come to such a state of degradation in a period extending from between thirty to forty years. Far more trustworthy is the statement of Canon Farrar³⁸ and others, that "in the decadence of national life, in the daily familiarity with heathen degradations, in the gradual substitution of a

³⁵ *Wars*, B. vii. ch. viii. sect. 1.

³⁶ *Wars*, B. v. ch. xiii. sect. 6.

³⁷ *Wars*, B. v. ch. x. sect. 5.

³⁸ *Life of Christ*, vol. v. p. 426.

Levitical scrupulosity for heartfelt religion, the morals of the nation, even in the time of Christ, had grown utterly corrupt."

But Josephus is not our only authority. The Talmud also confirms his words. Speaking on this point, Edersheim says: "Undoubted, and, alas! too painful evidence comes to us of the luxuriousness at Jerusalem at that time, and of the moral corruption to which it led."³⁹ It will be sufficient to mention here that the Talmud tells us that the "ordinance of the water of jealousy"⁴⁰ at this time had fallen into disuse from the 'commonness' of the awful crime of adultery."⁴¹ The Gospels are full of the denunciations of our Lord against the moral corruption of the Jews during His age. Thus He declares that they are a generation of vipers for whom God's wrath is in store,⁴² an evil and adulterous generation,⁴³ that they are of their father the devil and do his works;⁴⁴ that they love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil.⁴⁵ The people of Tyre and Sidon, and Ninive and Sodom were not so bad as they⁴⁶ (the very idea which Josephus had of them). "Your heart has grown gross."⁴⁷ "You cannot speak good things because you are evil."⁴⁸ "You are workers of iniquity."⁴⁹ "How will you flee from the judgment of Hell?"⁵⁰ St. John Baptist also rebukes the Jews⁵¹ in almost the same language as our Saviour. In all this we recognize the wonderful accuracy of the Gospels regarding the moral character of the Jewish people in the age of the Redeemer.

We shall now take a view of the religious dispositions of the Jews during the same period. Outwardly they were very devout in worshipping in the Temple, and they came in great numbers to Jerusalem at the feasts, and not from Judea only, but from foreign parts. "An innumerable multitude of persons come up to worship God from Judea and other countries, for Jews can sooner cease to breathe than neglect the worship they are wont to pay to God,"⁵² are the words of Josephus. When by order of Nero, and at the desire of Cestius, President of Syria, the priests numbered the people at Jerusalem for the Passover, it was found that the amount

³⁹ Edersheim, vol. i. B. ii. ch. 11.

⁴⁰ Numbers v. 14—29.

⁴¹ Tractate, *Sotah*. See also *Shabbath*, 62 b and 63 a, and *Mishnah*, ii. 290, 293.

⁴² St. Matt. iii. 7.

⁴³ St. Matt. xii. 39; xvi. 4; St. Luke xi. 29.

⁴⁴ St. John viii. 40—44.

⁴⁵ St. John ii. 19.

⁴⁶ St. Matt. xi. 21, &c.; xii. 41.

⁴⁷ St. Matt. xiii. 15.

⁴⁸ St. Matt. xii. 34—45.

⁴⁹ St. Luke xiii. 27.

⁵⁰ St. Matt. xxiii. 33.

⁵¹ St. Matt. iii. 7; St. Luke iii. 7.

⁵² *Antiq.* B. xvii. ch. ix. sect. 3.

of sacrifices was two hundred and fifty-six thousand five hundred, and the historian adds: "All leprous persons, and all who are under any kind of defilement, as well as strangers who come up to worship, are excluded from this sacrifice."⁵³ A little before this Passover, when Cestius came to Jerusalem, he was surrounded by the people to the number of three millions.⁵⁴ Edersheim⁵⁵ upon this point says: "Deepest of all convictions was that of their common centre; strongest of all feelings was the love which bound them to Palestine and Jerusalem, the city of God, the joy of all the earth, the glory of His people Israel. . . . Hellenist and Eastern equally realized this . . . Nor was it . . . merely matter of patriotism, of history, or of association. It was a religious principle, a spiritual hope. No truth was more firmly rooted in the consciousness of all, than that in Jerusalem alone men could truly worship. . . . Few who could either undertake or afford the journey, but had at some time or other, gone up to the holy city to attend one of the great feasts. . . . In the synagogue and in his prayers every Jew turned Jerusalem-ward, and everything that might imply want of reverence, when looking in that direction, was considered a grievous sin."⁵⁶

Let us turn to the Gospels. We are told that the people of Galilee "received Christ, having seen all the things He did at Jerusalem during the feast, for they also went unto the feast."⁵⁷ Again, "when the Feast of the Tabernacles was at hand, His brethren said unto Him, Go into Judea, . . . show Thyself to the world."⁵⁸ Once more, "The Jews' Passover was nigh at hand, and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem . . . much people were come to the feast. . . . And there were certain Greeks amongst them that came up to worship."⁵⁹ These few incidental remarks bear out perfectly what we have

⁵³ Josephus, *Wars*, B. vii. ch. ix. sect. 3.

⁵⁴ *Wars*, comp. B. ii. ch. xiv. sect. 3.

⁵⁵ *Life and Times of the Messiah*, vol. i. ch. vi.

⁵⁶ Compare Philo, *De Monarchia*, ii. p. 223. Many examples might be given of the very great reverence which the Jews showed for their temple, at least wherever the actions of "Gentiles" seemed to detract from it. Thus they resisted Caius' attempt to have his statue set up in the temple, and when the younger Agrippa raised his house and obtained a view into the holy building, the Jews in great anger built a wall to shut out the view, and when Festus bade them take it down, they refused, saying they would rather die. Josephus, *Antiq.* B. xviii. ch. viii.; B. xx. ch. viii. sect. 11.; *Wars*, B. ii. ch. xii. sect. 2; Philo, *De Legat. ad Caium*.

⁵⁷ St. John iv. 45.

⁵⁸ St. John vii. 1-4.

⁵⁹ St. John xi. 55; xii. 20.

gathered from other sources. The Jews' love and pride for the Temple are well illustrated by a few chance words spoken by the disciples to Christ, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here."⁶⁰ And the Samaritan woman bears witness to the belief that only at the Temple could God be really worshipped. "And *you* (that is, a Jew, for she had already recognized Christ as such) say that at Jerusalem is the place where men must adore."⁶¹

During the time of our Lord the Romans treated the Jews with great consideration regarding their religious rites⁶² (although they changed in this respect at a later period), so that they had the free exercise of their religion. They had their synagogues in their towns and cities, as we are told by Philo,⁶³ who calls them "schools of wisdom." "To the Jews the synagogue was the bond of union throughout the world." "There on Sabbath and feast-days they met to read from the same Lectionary, the same Scripture lessons which their brethren read throughout the world, and to say in the same liturgy their common prayers, catching echoes of the gorgeous Temple-services at Jerusalem."⁶⁴ The Gospels bear out all these particulars. Christ and His Blessed Mother are represented as fulfilling the duties of the Jewish religion, which was then freely practised, by the Circumcision,⁶⁵ Purification,⁶⁶ and going to the Temple every year.⁶⁷ Later on in His Life our Saviour keeps the different feasts with His Apostles at Jerusalem.⁶⁸ When He heals the lepers He

⁶⁰ St. Matt. xxiv. 1; St. Mark xiii. 1.

⁶¹ St. John iv. 20.

⁶² This is matter of history: and indeed the Romans gave this privilege not only to the Jews, but to other peoples whom they conquered. Thus Livy (b. ix. ch. xliii.) narrates that, although the Anagnini, a people of Italy, had disobeyed the Romans, still they were not deprived of what was necessary for the exercise of their religion. One of the heaviest charges brought by Cicero against Verres is, that he had acted against the spirit and custom of his nation in this matter (see *In Verrem* b. ii. ch. 51 and b. iv. ch. xlix. and li; act i. ch. v. n. 14). "Heal, O ye judges," says the great orator, "the wounds inflicted on the religion of your allies. You must secure that religion by the exemplary punishment of him who has offered to violate it." See also Cicero, *Pro Flacco*, ch. xxviii., Philo, *De Legat. ad Caium*, and Josephus, *Antiq.* b. xiv. ch. x. §§ 2. and 23, and b. xvi. ch. ii. § 3, and ch. xvi. § 2; b. xviii. ch. iv. § 5, and ch. vi. § 3, where several decrees are given, which were passed and maintained by Augustus and Tiberius, and therefore in force during the time of Christ, allowing the Jews to practise their religion unmolested.

⁶³ *De vita Mos.*, b. ii.

⁶⁴ Edersheim, vol. i. cc. vi. and x. Compare Josephus, *Wars*, b. ii. cc. xii. and xiv, § 5.

⁶⁵ St. Luke ii. 21.

⁶⁶ St. Luke ii. 22, 32.

⁶⁷ St. Luke ii. 41.

⁶⁸ St. John ii. 13; vii. 2; xii.; St. Mark xi.; St. Luke xix., &c.

bids them go and show themselves to the priests, and offer the gift that Moses commanded.⁶⁰ He teaches in the synagogues, for we read, "And Jesus came to Nazareth, and as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the sabbath-day and stood up to read." And again, "Straightway on the sabbath-day He entered into their synagogue and taught." Once more. "And Jesus went about all Galilee teaching in their synagogues."⁷⁰ And so in many other passages. Christ Himself declares this to have been His custom, "I ever taught in the synagogues."⁷¹ We see also the Jews at full liberty to make what contributions they wish to the sacred treasury.⁷² And so secure are they in this particular, that they use indirect practices to enrich it.⁷³ All these allusions enable us to form an opinion of the religious liberties of the Jewish people during the time of the Redeemer, which is in complete accord with what we otherwise know, and this prompts the question which certainly demands an answer from those who reject the Gospels. Could impostors so marvellously surround fraudulent narratives with such striking evidences of truthfulness?

⁶⁰ St. Matt. viii. 4; St. Mark i. 44; St. Luke v. 14.

⁷⁰ St. Luke iv. 16; St. Mark i. 21; St. Matt. iv. 23, ix. 35, and xii. 9. Compare xiii. 54 and St. Mark iii. 1 and vi. 2, &c.

⁷¹ St. John viii. 20. It would be well worth while to compare what we learn from the Gospels about these synagogues with what can be gathered from Jewish writings and profane history, especially on such points as (1) No great sanctity ascribed to them as buildings (St. Luke vii. 5), inasmuch as they could be built by Gentiles. (2) Sometimes built by individuals and presented to the community. (*Ibid.*) (3) Interior arrangement of synagogues in the time of Christ (St. Mark xii. 39). This is comparatively easy to ascertain, since the recent excavation of the ruined synagogues in the north of Galilee. Capt. Wilson in the Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement gives a plan of the synagogue excavated at Tell Hâm (Capernaum). (4) The manner in which the service was conducted on the Sabbath, persons teaching in a sitting posture, but reading the Scriptures standing (St. Luke iv. 16-20). (5) The superintending officer, his duties, &c. (*Ibid.*).

⁷² St. Mark xii. 41; St. Luke xxi. 1.

⁷³ St. Matt. xv. 5; St. Mark vii. 11, 12.

Otters, Wild and Tame.

THE link between land and amphibious animals is found in the persecuted otter, which resembles the one in organization, and the other in seeking its food entirely in the water. The common otter of Europe and America, is in appearance not unlike an overgrown weasel. Though he moves quickly and actively on land, he swims yet faster than he runs, being provided with webbed toes, having only short claws standing out beyond the swimming feet. The greater part of his life is spent in the water. He makes his home in a hollow of the bank, generally beneath the overhanging roots of trees, and may often be seen in many of our English rivers diving under water for a fish, which he brings on to the bank to eat, holding it like a monkey in his front paws. His elongated body is horizontally flattened, and the tail is broad forming an excellent rudder for his guidance in the water. His short legs are so loosely jointed that they can be turned in any direction when swimming, and his soft fur is fine and close underneath, but with a projecting coarser set of hard shining hairs. His teeth are pointed and well adapted to hold their slippery prey; the ears are peculiarly small, set close to the head, and the bright little eyes are protected with a nictitating membrane, or third eyelid. He swims horizontally and dives after his victims, and his movements in the water are singularly elegant. He can remain a long time under the water at a considerable depth. He is called in Welsh *dwrgi*—water-dog.

The otter is a very voracious animal and still more destructive, destroying far more than he devours. But a few nights suffice for him entirely to spoil a pond, infecting its edges with quantities of dead fish which he leaves there, apparently as trophies of his prowess. And he does still greater damage than destroying fish, by tearing to pieces the fishermen's nets whenever he happens to get entangled in them, for the instant an otter finds himself caught, he sets to work

with his sharp teeth and in a few minutes a valuable net becomes utterly worthless.

These animals are particularly clean in their habits. After a long swimming or diving match whether for sport or pleasure, they take the greatest pains to make their toilette. On landing they roll about in the grass for a few minutes, and then begin to rub or scratch with their paws and teeth every bit of fur on their body. No satin is glossier than are their coats, and their teeth are white as pearls.

Otters are found not only in the rivers and lakes of most European countries, but also at sea. The great sea otters of the North Pacific have almost deserted their land life, and never seem to care to come on shore. They are twice the size of the river-otter, and after having dived for their prey, they turn on their backs and float while they eat it, holding the sea-urchins, crabs or fish, in their fore-paws. In the same fashion they even nurse their young ones, dandling them in their arms as they lie on the sea with their faces upwards. They rear them entirely on the thick beds of kelp, off the coasts of the North Pacific Ocean, rarely bringing them on land. These sea-otters are seen in hundreds off the coast of California, basking on the wet rocks, playing, leaping, and plunging in the water, till startled by an alarm, when each mother in an instant seizes her little one in her teeth and dives under with it, until the danger is past.

In many points sea-otters greatly resemble seals, for though their front paws are short and cat-like, their hind feet are flat-flippers with a long outer toe, their faces are broad and short, covered with rounded knobs, well adapted for crushing crab-shells and the bones of the fish on which they feed.

It is a popular belief in Scotland that otters have a king or leader, which is larger than others and spotted with white. The *emigration* of otters is shown by the following fact. A labourer going to his work about five o'clock in the morning, saw a number of animals coming towards him, and stood quietly by the hedge till they came alongside of him. He then perceived four old otters, probably dams, and about twenty young ones. He took a stick out of the hedge and killed one. Directly it began to squeak, all the four old ones turned back, and stood still till the young ones had escaped through the hedge, and then passed quietly through themselves. Several families were thus journeying together and doubtless had left their former abode from not finding a sufficiency of food. In their natural

condition, otters often wander to considerable distances from their prey; Mr. St. John describes his amusement at the grumbling of an old woman living at Sluie, on the Findhorn, who after complaining of the hardships of the present times, when "a puir body couldna get a drop smuggled whisky, or shoot a roe without his lordship's finding it out," added to her list of grievances, that even the otters were nearly all gone "puir beasties." "Well, but what good could the otters do you?" he asked her. "Good, your honour! why, scarcely a morn came but they left a bonny grilse (young salmon) on the scarp down yonder, and the *vennison* was none the worse of the bit the puir beasties ate themselves." The people in Morayshire call every eatable animal, whether fish, flesh, or fowl, venison, or as they pronounce it, *vennison*. A few years ago, before the otters had been so much destroyed, the people in some parts of the river were never at a loss for salmon, as the otters always took them ashore, generally to the same bank or rock, and in seasons of plenty they only ate a small piece out of the shoulder leaving the rest untouched, and the cottagers, aware of this, searched every morning for their leavings.

Otters are very affectionate animals, the young anxiously seek their mother if she should be killed, and if the young are injured the parent hovers near them till she is herself destroyed. If one of a pair be killed, the one left will hunt for its mate with untiring perseverance, and if one be caught in a trap, its companion will run round and round endeavouring to set it free, on which occasions, though so quiet at other times, they make a snorting sound, blowing like a horse.

Professor Stillon who generally spared the lives of the female otters whose young he took away, says they expressed their sorrows by crying like human beings and followed him as he was carrying off their young, who called to them for help in a tone and voice almost like the crying of children. And when he sat down, they came quite close to him, trying to rescue their young. One day when he had deprived an otter of her progeny, he returned to the place eight days afterwards and found the poor mother sitting listlessly by the river quite wasted with grief, nor did she make any attempt to escape when he raised his stick to kill her. Another time he found an old otter sleeping by the side of a young one. As soon as the mother saw him, she awakened her little one and tried to entice him to betake himself to the river, but as he did not take the hint

but seemed inclined to prolong his sleep, she took him up in her fore-paws and plunged him into the water. A touching instance is recorded of a pair of otters whose little ones were being carried off in a boat which they followed for nearly two miles out to sea, making a piteous kind of cry.

To save their young they often show much sagacity. A striking instance is given of an otter which lived in the Zoological Gardens, London. The otter pond, surrounded by a walk, was on one occasion only half full of water. The otter, for whose use it was intended had a couple of young ones, and they, happening to fall into the water, were unable to climb up its steep sides. The mother, afraid that they would be drowned, endeavoured in vain, by stooping over the wall, to drag them out. At last she jumped in, and after playing with them for a short time, was seen to put her head to the ear of one of the little creatures. This was evidently to tell her child what she wished it to do. Directly after, she sprang out of the pond, while one of her young ones caught hold of her tail, and while it clung tightly to her, she dragged it out, and placed it safely on the dry ground. She then plunged in again and in the same way rescued the other one.

The fact that otters can be taught to catch fish and bring them to their masters shows that they possess no small degree of docility. A fine little one caught in Scotland became so tame that whenever he was alarmed he would spring for protection into his master's arms. He was taught to fish for the benefit of the family, and became so dexterous at this sport that he would catch several fine salmon during the day, in a stream near the house. He could fish as well in salt water as in fresh, and would bravely buffet the waves of the ocean and swim off in chase of the cod-fish, of which he would in a short time catch large numbers. But when fatigued by his exertions nothing would induce him to re-enter the water. After a successful day he received a portion of the produce, and having satisfied his appetite he would fall asleep at his master's feet and in that condition was usually carried home to resume his labours on another day. The practice of taming otters is much more common in other countries than in England. In Sweden they are tamed and kept purposely for catching fish, and at a signal from the cook will go and fetch the fish for dinner!

Bishop Heber mentions having seen several large and beautiful otters fastened to bamboo stakes by the banks of an

Indian river ; some of them appeared to be at play and uttering shrill whistling noises. They wore straw collars and were very tame and docile. He was told that most of the fishermen in that neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth.

Captain Brown, in his *Popular Natural History*, tells of a gentleman who kept a tame otter with his dogs in Scotland, which followed him in company with them. He would fish with them, and the dogs would never hunt any other otters as long as he was with them. This Scotch otter sometimes caught as many as eight or ten salmon in a day, as soon as a fish was taken from him, plunging in for another, until he was tired, when he would refuse to fish any more. Occasionally he went out to sea and caught codgers, herrings, &c.

There is no more daring and fearless creature in existence than a Welsh otter. He will attack dogs twice his own size and fight them in the most desperate way. He will even at times attack a man, and many a tale is told by the Welsh firesides in the hills of the deeds of the fierce *dwrgi*.

In order to tame otters they should be caught very young and fed on small fish, and allowed bread and milk at alternate meals, till at last they live entirely upon this food. They are taught to fetch and carry with artificial fishes made of leather, and stuffed with wool. Then they are made to bring dead fishes, and if they attempt to tear them, they are severely punished. Thus trained the otter in process of time becomes useful and domesticated.

The beautiful otter in the Museum of the Zoological Gardens is from Ireland, and is by some considered as a distinct species. It is chiefly found on the coast of Antrim, living in the caverns formed by the basaltine columns of that shore, and as it hunts the salmon rewards are offered for its destruction. These beautiful little wild creatures have a wonderfully affectionate nature. Ferocity disappears as fear is subdued, and sometimes the transition from fear to affection is curiously abrupt, as may be seen in the account of a pet otter which appeared in *Land and Water*, a few years ago.

The owner of this otter (as perfect a little savage as ever was caught), first saw her on the surface of the water and mistaking her for a pike upon a line, divested himself of his clothing, and plunging in, swam towards what proved to be a

young otter. She flew at his face, and so savagely, that her teeth met through his upper lip. She was with difficulty secured and grew furious at her captivity. For two months she lived in utter rebellion against fate, biting every one who came near her, especially her master. At length he was obliged to absent himself for three or four days, and then she became fiercer than ever, biting ferociously, and keeping all about her in constant fear. Cords, nails, and bricks were used to keep the little savage in her abode. She had been getting more and more fractious in her despair, and had probably been pining for her master, for when he returned and opened the box, she jumped up to him and "clung round his neck like a child." She soon became so tame that she was allowed the free run of the house. She was taught to fetch and carry, would lie down at her master's feet, fetch fish out of a tank of water at his command, and learnt to jump through a hoop, and do various little tricks, and ere long the poor wild creature was, as her master says, "the most affectionate pet he had ever seen."

S. J. Hurley, author of *Tame Badgers and Otters*, in his graphic descriptions, also shows how strangely loving and affectionate is the nature of this wildest of beasts, when brought under the masterful spell of human care and kindness. Belle, the first, the tamest, and the longest lived of these Irish otters was captured when a few weeks old, and was then so savage that she bit the fingers of every one who tried to handle her. In about a week, when she was becoming a little more tractable, she began to receive her first lessons. Her master in order to train her to follow him like a dog, scented the bottom of his trousers by rubbing them over with fresh fish; the little creature smelt the fishy odour and was tempted to follow the feet that gently moved backwards, and thus she gradually learnt her first lesson. Every now and then she was encouraged by having a morsel of the trout given to her. In three or four days she followed her master about his room quite readily. Next he put into her hamper an Irish terrier puppy, about her own age. For two days she made it very hot for her companion, snapping and snorting at him constantly, and making him fly from one end of the hamper to the other. On the third she began to take more kindly to him, and on the fourth the two became firm friends, and very soon an old Irish water-spaniel managed to win the favour of the little otter, and it was most interesting to watch them all three eating, playing, and sleeping together.

In her eighth month she used to kill her own fish and give up part to her master. She was remarkably cleanly in her habits, washing herself many times a day, and rubbing down her glossy coat. Her love for her master became unbounded, if she missed him out of the house she would search every room for him like a dog, and even jump into his bed to see if he were there. Many a night she slept at the foot of her master's bed keeping his feet as warm as a toast.

"One night," says S. J. Hurley, "an English gentleman who was staying with me for fishing and who was in bad health, had gone to bed early, while the rest of the party remained playing at cards below. The invalid used a crutch, his bedroom was over the sitting-room in which we were, and he had not gone upstairs many minutes when we heard a most unearthly hammering overhead.

"Instantly three of us rushed upstairs to see what was up; and the invalid begged us to come into his room. We did so, and there he was sitting up in bed, looking much frightened. Upon my asking what was the matter, he told me that just as he had turned off the lamp and got into bed, the devil, or something like him, jumped in after him, and began to sniff and snort at him in a horrible way; that all he could see of the unwelcome visitor was a pair of small fiery eyes, glistening like a furnace, that he was afraid to get out of bed to pull the bell; and so the only thing he could do was to pound the floor with his crutch.

"Just as he had finished telling what had happened to him, what should I see thrusting her head out from under the coverlet at the foot of the bed, but the otter. The effect of the second appearance of the apparition upon the poor nervous invalid, may be easier imagined than described."

Once when her master was from home for some days little Belle in her grief at losing him, became as fractious as a spoilt child who has missed its mother. She showed her temper by running all over the house and upsetting china and crockery in pantry or kitchen, in fact she became quite unmanageable and was in the naughty-child mood, which says,

I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me,

for she refused all kindness and at last ran away and hid herself in a covered drain that led down to the river, coming forth however, from her lair two or three times a day and going to

the house whistling for her master to see if he had come back. When the latter returned home his first inquiry was for his little pet, but alas, she was nowhere to be found. Taking his dogs with him after dinner he strolled down to the river, one of them having before long strayed away, he whistled for him. The next instant to his great joy, up came the little beauty, and such a greeting as she gave her master! She jumped on him like a dog, whistled, licked his hands, and when he took her up in his arms and caressed her, he felt her little heart beating with joy. "Never" says Mr. Hurley, "have I had or do I expect to have again such a dear loving pet." She died shortly after from abscess in the throat.

The next young otter he got was in January 1874, only a mere whelp of about a month old; at the end of four months she was perfectly tame. His other otters would allow no one to touch them but their master. Not so Loo; every member of the family, as well as the greatest stranger, could safely handle her, indeed the youngest child in the house could maul her and roll her about like a cricket ball. Though she lived in the house, and played with the cats and dogs, yet as a fisher she beat her predecessors. Her motions in the water were really beautiful. She used invariably to hunt by the nose, never by the eye. She was often seen to tackle a pike of eight pounds or more, and made no more of him than if he were a gudgeon, though the pike would make a strong fight, but when once Loo had him by the neck what could he do? She was also taught to retrieve on land and in water, if her master threw a ball along the road, she would follow it and fetch it like a dog, and if he threw a stick or stone into the river she would bring it out.

Although very fond of fishing himself, her master often took Loo to the river and left his rod at home, leaving all the sport to her for the pleasure of watching her fish. "On a bright day," he says, "when I could see her clearly in the water it was rare fun whenever she dropped upon a shoal of roach or perch, to see the commotion her presence caused in their ranks." But still more interesting was it to see Loo when she had caught a fish, begin to play with it, "just as a cat toys with and torments a mouse. Having captured her fish, she would let it go again, allowing it to swim away from her for a few yards, and then diving after it she would catch it and hold it for a few moments and then let it go, this she would go on doing till the fish was

quite exhausted, and then she would lie on her back on the surface of the water, and, holding it in her glossy little paws would toss it in the air, catch it and play with it, just as a mountebank plays with his balls."

Amongst her many loveable qualities her affection for the children of the house was the most endearing. They could pull her about by the legs or the tail and treat her as if she were an old doll; but although they often teased and even hurt her, she was invariably gentle with her little play-fellows. She was very sensitive to *music*, but whether it gave her pleasure or pain is not known; she would lie quite still as long as slow music was played, but as soon as any rapid air was begun, she would rouse herself and whistle her long, shrill call.

At length Loo was brought to England in company with a little dog of whom she was very fond. They travelled together in a box. On arriving at Holyhead their master asked the guard to let him have a second-class compartment to himself, which was arranged, and he and the box having been deposited, the carriage door was duly locked, and fancying himself free from intrusion the box was opened and out jumped the dog and the otter to play about the carriage. But just as the train was about to start, a porter unlocked the door and in tumbled a big burly Englishman of some eighteen stone weight. This wealthy tradesman looked what he was, a man of great importance, as well as of vast dimensions. He had, however, been obliged to lay aside his dignity in a short run for the train, and so arrived puffing and blowing like a steam engine. "'Ard work, sir," he said as soon as he could speak. "'Ard work to catch these trains when one has to come any distance."

The other traveller wished the old gentleman far enough, as he wanted to be alone with his pets. However the door was instantly locked, the guard's whistle sounded, and off dashed the express. The noise of the train was too much for poor Loo, who got frantic and rushed about the carriage like a mad dog. Never had his master beheld any one in such a fright as his fat fellow-traveller, his terror and excitement was extreme. Loo made no more of him than if he were an old post. Rushing to and fro, dashing from one window to the other along the seats, she climbed on his shoulders, leaped into his lap, and ran between his feet till he was almost frightened out of his senses.

"Sir," at last he said, when he could speak; "Sir, what sort a of wild /animal /is this 'ere running mad about the carriage?"

Being told that it was an otter, he exclaimed, "What? a hotter? he'll be the death of me." And he looked more scared than ever. But just then, to his great satisfaction and extreme astonishment, Loo was caught up by one of her fore-legs and placed by her master in her box, where she composed herself, and lay quietly until they arrived at — Station; where she was again let loose and allowed to scamper about with her companion, through the refreshment rooms, on the crowded platform, in and out among the horses' feet, chasing each other for several minutes to the astonishment of the spectators.

One young lady was so especially taken with the pets, that having asked if Loo was gentle and tame, took him into her arms and stroked her pretty satin coat. But this was Loo's last journey; for she soon after sickened and died.

Loo's successors, Paddy and Biddy, were a little pair of Irish otters scarcely a fortnight old, their eyes not yet open and their coats more like down than fur. How to rear them at such a tender age was the difficulty. Milk given in a spoon was tried but did not answer, then a baby's bottle and an India-rubber tube, but that also failed, for they had not strength enough to draw it. Their new owner was at his wit's end how to save their lives, when a lucky thought occurred to him. He had two handsome cats, mother and daughter, and both happened to have kittens at that time, within a week of each other. Lucy, the old dowager cat, was the happy mother of five, and Sibby, her daughter, of three kittens. Three of the old lady's family were drowned with two of her daughter's. The cats and remaining kittens were then put into one basket and they agreed very well together. Sometimes the elderly cat would nurse her little grandson with her own child, and at other times Sibby would return the compliment by nursing her step-brother and sister.

One day when the kittens were about a week old and both the cats away, the two little otters were put into the basket and anxiously their master waited the return of the mothers. Sibby appeared first, and in she carefully went to lie down. A soft loving mew woke up the kittens whom she fondled and licked as usual while she nursed them, but, as she took no notice of the otters, some of the kittens were gently removed and the otters placed close to the cat, the moment they felt her warmth they set to work to look for milk as naturally as if pussy were their own mother, and luckily she made no objection. In fact she adopted the poor little things from that moment, and

lavished as much affection upon them, as if they were her own offspring. The next anxiety was, what the elderly dame would think of the arrangement. Sibby, the inexperienced young mother, had been easily cajoled, but what would an astute old grandmother think of it? She came, got in, laid down, and then invited the whole family to come and be nursed, evidently without an idea that anything was wrong or that there were more kittens of different sorts than there ought to have been. After a little more nursing and fondling, of which the little otters got their full share, cats, kittens, and foster-kittens all went off to sleep.

From that time Paddy and Biddy thrived well, Paddy was rather bigger than his sister and very self-willed and intractable, but he was almost cured of these little failings by degrees. He was a regular Irishman all over, full of fun and frolic; very fond of fighting too, and never so happy as when in the midst of a scrimmage. When scarcely two months old he would often amuse himself by tugging one of his foster-brothers, the kittens, all over the house. Or sometimes he would lie on his back and fight the whole foster-family and his sister Biddy into the bargain, and be more than a match for them all.

But no sooner did *Chance*, a pet fox, make his appearance than he stopped his pranks immediately. Chance and he, however, were generally good friends and by-and-bye he and the fox used to play together in a neighbouring field, but with due precaution on Paddy's part, who had found by experience how much greater was Chance's strength and how much longer were his teeth than his own.

Many an hour did their master spend watching his troop of pets at play—cats, kittens, dogs, otters, and fox. One evening when he was alone they scattered themselves in different parts of the room. On a sofa stretched out to their full length and lying on their backs were Paddy and Biddy playing with their foster-mothers, the cats. The fox curled up in an arm-chair close by was being besieged by two terriers, Sandy and Mouse, who were trying to dislodge him from his cosy quarters, and barking at him like furies. All of a sudden a sharp cry from Sibby proclaimed that one of her foster-children had bitten her, and she instantly punished him by scratching his face and then ran off to the end of the room. The otter pursued her and a regular Irish row followed,—by that time the terriers had managed to drive the fox from his arm-chair and he too joined

in the chase. Over and under chairs, tables, and sideboard, did the whole pack chase each other for some minutes, until the fox being hard pressed by the terriers, bolted up the chimney but reappeared in a moment or two covered with soot, as black as a nigger, looking the funniest rascal possible. Notwithstanding such occasional slight disagreements Paddy and Bidy were generally dutiful to their foster-parents, and it was curious to see them, when they grew up, following affectionately the old cats about the roads and fields.

When they were three months old they received their first lesson in swimming, for although they often followed their master down to the river, strangely enough they never showed any inclination to go in. One day they were thrown one by one into the canal and were evidently dreadfully frightened, and came swimming back to the shore whistling quick and shrill, as thoroughly scared as two dogs unaccustomed to the water, and for a long time they were so timid that the only way their owner could teach them to swim was by getting into a boat and inducing them to follow him as he pulled out into the river. But at last they got over their terror, and became perfectly fearless, swimming about boldly, but always returning to shore in answer to a whistle. By degrees they were taught to hunt which they very quickly learnt. And it was one of the prettiest sights to see them hunting together on the trail of a fish; but when they caught it there was always a tussle for the ownership, and they would fight over it like two little tigers.

At length for a good sum of money their master was persuaded to part with these pets. Their destination was Manchester, but alas! they never arrived there. The case in which they were sent over from Ireland, by the stupidity of the officials on board the packet, instead of being left on the hurricane-deck, where they would have had plenty of air, was put down in the hold and covered with scores of portmanteaus and trunks. The poor little pets had no chance for their lives in such a horrible place, and were found dead from suffocation.

We have now shown the wild otter in his life of freedom by pool, river, or sea, and we have seen how in his captive life, this little creature, the wildest of wild animals, becomes the most docile and affectionate. Bishop Heber in his journal observes that it had always been a fancy of his "that the poor otters whom we waste and persecute to death in our cruel sport, might, by judicious treatment, be made the sources of abundant

advantage and amusement to us. The despised Hindoo shows here a better taste and judgment than half the otter-hunting gentry of Europe."

Surely the instances we have recorded prove, how the otter in his captivity tames his wild instincts to his master's will ; and if even without the guidance of a dog's ancestral instincts, he evinces the same affectionate fidelity, what might he not become under careful continuous training ?

MARIANNE BELL.

The Lady of Raven's Combe.

CHAPTER I.

ONE couplet of a song that once was popular in London drawing-rooms ends with

Je me mis à rêver comme on rêve à vingt ans.

In France the age of twenty seems to be the typical period for day-dreaming and energizing ; but Englishmen ripen later, as a rule, and, as a rule, it is better that they should, for otherwise they might possibly miss a part of their preparatory development, and be like a modern town house, run up unfinished. Be that as it may, we have before us now a specimen of the later development—at least the day-dreaming part of it. He is walking slowly from the Hotel at Greenhaven down to the shore. His age is twenty-five, and evidently he thinks of something, for he looks at nothing, although his eyes are turned towards the unbounded expanse of very blue sea, pictured within a framework of dark brown rocks that jut out on either side of the tiny bay. That he energizes much may be doubted, if not flatly denied, for he looks heart-weary and in the habit of being so. Weariness, indeed, seems habitual in him, and hope, the sunlight of the heart, makes no sign ; but custom has not accustomed him to the darkness, nor can he realize, according to exact thought, the dignity of man.

This and more might be inferred from his face and manner ; and, as he has acknowledged no less to himself interiorly, while strolling homewards, there is no apparent cause for scruples about the inference. He may be said to walk on, because he neither stands nor turns back ; but he moves as if there were no certain object before the will that set him in motion. When he reaches the limits of dry land as bounded by sea at Greenhaven, he hails a boat and offers to hire it for that afternoon, the hour being half-past three on the last day of October. The boatman, who had been fishing along the coast, accepted the offer, and

asked him where he wanted to go. The stranger, who had a knapsack on his back, and wished, after his own fashion, to explore the coast-line a little way, answered abstractedly :

"Anywhere. I mean westward, beyond St. Aldhelm's Point, as far as the first or second of those little bays. Only I should like to be landed before dark, so that I may find my way to some kind of inn, to put up for the night. I want to see that part of the country."

Having said this much he said no more, but looked at the blue sea and the brown cliffs and the green pastures. After a while he began to speak within himself.

"Full of poetry and old-world romance," he thought, "suggestive of a past that can never return, a present that is not, a future that can never be. I wish I were a fisherman, or a ploughman, or a herdsman, or any other man who bears the title of some definite daily labour that shortens the sense of limitation and creates enjoyment out of nothing."

What he meant by a shortened sense of limitation may not be clear, nor how contingent beings can create enjoyment out of nothing ; but the reason why, in his appreciation of definite daily labour, he forgot the dignity of labour, and founded his wish on a confused idea of privation, is not far to seek, for we have it in these his own words, as he reviews his own heart-weariness while the boat glides on slowly through the blue water.

"I never have been able to find out the trick," he thought, "and I feel farther from it than ever. I suppose one must be 'to the manner born.' Why are those men—those professors of unstable truth—so satisfied with the crushing limitations they have invoked, the cold and aimless virtue they preach, the interests that end in an abstract idea of humanity, the affections at whose requital the doom of time sounds its knell over hopeless endings, and comes closer as happiness increases? Why are they so satisfied, so brimful of satisfaction with themselves and with the fool's paradise of progressive humanity? Aristotle says that the good is what all things aim at ; but then, one person's good is not another's. I can't see any that satisfies me. Whenever I think of the good, and the beautiful, and what might come from them, and what one craves for, and what (if it were) would make life worth living, even for its own sake, hideous limitations, that limit all except the illimitable craving for what we have not and never can have, come down upon me like the bed that used, as they say, to crush the life out of successful

gamesters' in old Paris. Whining fool that I am! Is this miserable craving for what no one can have, this mourning for what never was, this outlook for what is nowhere, this childish crying for the moon—is it worthy of a man? a man? what is a man?—a being who differs from the brutes chiefly in the power of imagining the Impossible and trying to possess it. He has reasoning powers, they say, though one would hardly infer it from one's experience; but what is the use of that to us, as we are? Our lot, as regards truth, is to be always seeking truths of the period, that change during the process—and never finding, always knowing that one never can find, the one thing that would most concern us to know, if it existed. What is the use of racking one's brain over contradictory doctrines of metaphysics, when no one can be certain about Truth, seeing that the First Cause is unknown and unknowable? What is the use of moral theories when there is no permanent and infallible Being by whose laws we may test them? In practical sciences we have fixed principles to start from; but mental and moral philosophy have none—none, at least, that are unassailable. We can invent machinery, do and undo the drainage of towns, cheapen the production of goods for sale, and do much to increase the means of self-indulgence; but we know nothing for certain beyond the range of the experimental. The rest is unknown and unknowable, because the First Cause is so. The effect, as regards knowledge of facts, cannot exceed its cause: and what is the earthly paradise promised in the New Gospel? a state of life so meaningless, so ignoble, so utterly degrading, that war and pestilence might be hailed as benefactors—and, at the end of it, the prospect of worse for our descendants in whose lower depth of vulgar snugness our own hereafter is to be. The people who hum a continuous *Te Humanitatem* over this message of evil appear to like the prospect and enjoy life as they find it, while the listeners have to stand by and hear the discords. They have poured forth their spirit upon all flesh—or nearly all that I have come near—but the young men do not prophesy in the same sense. They see visions of social progress or of comfortable immorality, according to their own temperament; but they look and feel as dreary as I do, though most of them don't know why. There was one man—one only, of those that I happen to have fallen in with and noticed below the surface—and I don't even know his name—one only who seemed unmoved by this hideous and inexorable fate, as if it were to him a thing that

was not. He lives in this part of the country—so he said—beyond the hills that I saw when I coasted along here once in a fifteen ton cutter. Lynham was the station he had started from, and Lynham is somewhere beyond those hills, those dark blue hills that set me dreaming and longing and crying for the moon. It must be nearly a year ago since I met him, and I have never seen him since. I certainly am an embodied anachronism, to come out of my way like this in these most prosaic days, and trudge along bye-roads with the probability of having to put up at a beer shop, for the purpose of finding out where a man lives who must long since have forgotten my existence. I can't help it. He impressed me as no one ever impressed me before. All else is uninteresting. Why shouldn't I try to fancy that I feel a little interest in something, when I have a chance?"

The stranger took a leathern tobacco pouch from a courier's bag, and giving a handful to the fisherman rolled up a cigarette. The fisherman filled his pipe with the comforting weed, and when both had begun to inhale its fumes appreciatively the stranger began to talk.

"I sailed along this coast once," he said, "but I have never landed hereabouts, and so I don't know my bearings. I want to be put ashore somewhere about here, but I don't quite know where. I suppose you know the country well."

"I do, sorr," answered the man of nets, pulling at his pipe and relaxing his pull at the oars, "I belong here now, in a manner of speaking, more's the pity!"

"You don't like the people, eh?"

"Well, sorr, they're dacent enough, as well as they know. It's having to go tramping over them hills before you've had a bit or a sup."

"I see. Where do you go to Mass?"

"Och! thin it's over them hills."

"Do you know anything of the people who live in that part of the country?"

"I do not, sorr. I go up there to my duties and to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation. I never held any discourse with any one of them. Well now! it's lying I am, when I come to think of it. I *did* spake with one—maybe a year ago. He was a gentleman, every bit of him, and a holy man, I think, and sat his horse illigantly."

"What was he like? I think I may know him."

"It's not unlike yer honour he was."

"How do you mean?"

"It's about your height he was, sorr, and illigantly built. By the powers, what a pair of eyes he had, to be sure! He looked you through and tould you what you were."

"Do you know his name?"

At this question from a stranger, whose motives for asking were not apparent, the fisherman, who, it is needless to add, came from the "ould country," pulled hard at his pipe, and abstracted all definite expression from his eyes.

"How'd I be knowing that, sorr?" he said, "a lone stranger like me."

"It sounds like the man I met," thought the stranger. "Couldn't you find out his name?" he said, "or where he lives?"

"I can not, sorr."

"But don't you know anybody where you saw him?"

"Indade and I don't, yer honour. I go up there to my duties, and on Sundays and days of obligation, and that's all I know about the place."

"But don't you know the priest there?"

"Is it his Riverence I'd be bothering to answer them questions, with a lot coming up to confession on Low Sunday, and him waiting to begin Mass?"

The stranger, impressed with a becoming sense of his own ignorance as to the manners and customs of missionary priests and the whereabouts of Low Sunday, tried another tack, and said:

"Yes, but after Mass, you know. Couldn't you ask him then—say that somebody wanted to know?"

"What would his Riverence think, sorr, of me being so bould as to trouble him with that? and him troubled enough (God bless him!) with going after that lot over there, and them school inspectors bothering—bad luck to 'em!"

"To be sure. Well, then, couldn't you try to find it out by asking some of the people?"

"Maybe I might, yer honour. But how would the boys know, with the gentleman not there?"

"But you could tell them what he was like, as you told me. Any one who knew him by sight would know who you meant."

"Thim thick-headed chaps? I wouldn't lend any one of 'em the loan of a broken pipe for the worth of what they'd say."

"Well, that doesn't sound promising, anyhow. But perhaps you can recollect whether he attended that church."

"Indade, sorr, and the likes of he wouldn't have gone souping to a Protestant church at all."

"I don't mean a Protestant church. I mean the Catholic church or chapel, or whatever it is."

"Och! thin, sorr, it's on a big black horse he was, and not in the chapel at all: and, by the same token, the baste was the very divil to ride."

"But was that the only time you saw him?"

"Maybe I've seen the gentleman now and again, yer honour; but I wouldn't be sure about the baste."

"I don't care about the horse. Did the gentlemen ever go to Mass where you go? By-the-bye, you haven't said where it is. Have you ever seen him there?"

"I have not, sorr."

"Was it near there you saw him?"

"Faith, it's every bit of ten miles, I'm thinking."

"Were you going to Mass at that place? and if so, did he go to Mass there at the same time?"

"The Lord presarve me, then, from staring about like that when his Riverence is offering the Holy Sacrifice!"

"Yes—but as you went in, you know, or came away?"

"That's so, yer honour. It's coming away I was."

"Are you sure that *he* wasn't coming away from Mass?"

"I am, sorr. There wasn't a chapel within seven miles of the place where I saw him."

"He knows," thought the stranger, "but I shall never get it out of him. He shut up as soon as I began to ask any questions. I see how it is. He thinks I have some sinister design against the 'illigant gentleman.' I must drop the subject, and wait till I can ask the natives."

There was a silence in the boat during the next half-hour at least. The fisherman devoted himself to his oars. The stranger was meditating miserably on the hopelessness of human hopes and the nothingness of everything. By degrees the Irishman, feeling sufficiently confident of his own fencing powers against inopportune questions, became communicative in his own way. He gave abundant information about the bays and chines along the coast, and he told many local tales diffusely; but his descriptions were somewhat intricate, the bays and chines were marked in the ordnance maps, and the one required

answer was not to be had. The stranger listened with his ears only. He was thinking of the wild-goose chase that led him to that coast, and debating within himself as to whether it should lead him further.

"I may as well be put ashore somewhere along here," he thought, "as well here as there, or there as here, or—better still—nowhere, if that were possible. Best of all, if it had happened that I had never been. I exist but to long for an undefined, inclusive, impossible good, to wonder how I can have imagined what is not in the nature of things, and to wonder still more why other people are not as wretched as myself. It often occurs to me, and does now, to doubt my own identity with my apparent self. Others find life a failure, and the impression of failure is evident, in young faces especially; but when circumstances are favourable, they all enjoy the present, in a way, and none of them seem to feel the horrible solitude that I feel—the weariness of heart, the unsatisfied longings, the gloom that shrouds and characterizes the mystery of the End. Are they mad, or am I? If there is no intelligent First and Final Cause, who will harmonize things hereafter, and give us a knowable, all-completing, all-beautifying object in life now, they must be mad to feel satisfied (as they do in a way) with such frightful conditions of existence. If there is, I must be mad to disbelieve in Him—mad, either culpably or by some kind of penal privation, that implies culpability in me or injustice where injustice would be inconceivable. Is everything a dream, and I a dreaming emanation from a universal, self-existing force that acts blindly? Am I dreaming *now*?"

"You are not, sorr," said the Irishman, to whom these last words were audible, being uttered half aloud.

The stranger started, coloured, and then laughed; but the laugh had no ring of reality. It was, at the most, an ebullition of sudden glory against himself.

"Well, I don't think I *was* asleep," he said, "but I might well have been so, for I had little enough of it last night. Night travelling takes out of a man a deal more than hard work."

"Bedad and it does, sorr. It's the Lord (praised be His Holy Name) that made the day for work and the night for sleep, though St. Peter did go fishing then, as we poor sinners have to do now and again—the Lord keep us and give us a good end! But they never caught a blessed thing till our Lord told them where to cast the nets."

"That man," thought the stranger, "believes without any difficulty at all. He is wiser than I am, or more fortunate, or more happily credulous; for, at any rate, he has all the comfort and advantage of the belief during his life. I wonder what it is that makes him feel so sure of not being mistaken?"

"Faith! and I mustn't be draming, anyhow, I think," said the boatman, who was looking out with his weather eye and pulling sturdily.

The sun had set fiery and cloud-capped, leaving its traces in streaks of gold, purple, and blood-red, between a dark line of sea, and a yet darker mass of sky that opened in wild shapes, while contrasts of colour grew and changed.

As they rounded a point of the brown cliff the golden hues were darkening into orange, the red into crimson: then both mingled by degrees in a dim purple that melted rapidly into the blue-black of a raven's wing and faded away in shadow. The sea which had become green just before sunset, was now leaden grey flecked with white in the distance westward. The boat began to rise and fall heavily against a stiffening breeze. The boatman pulled hard, and muttered between his teeth—

"It's an ugly night we'll have, sorr. We've taken our time too much over it, I'm thinking. If the wind blew inshore we'd be in a bother entirely, with them great rocks ready to knock us into smithereens."

The stranger, who knew something of the sea and its ways, was on the point of offering to take one of the oars, but, while changing his position, felt so attracted by the strange beauty of the scene, that he sat down and looked at it.

They were passing by a sort of miniature bay, formed and bounded by two small headlands. The sea within was comparatively still and of a colour like that of Indian ink. Boulders peeped up here and there, looking mystically white above the black water that was covering them by degrees as the tide rose. In the background the great brown cliffs towered upwards a hundred and fifty feet or more to a rugged outline black and beetling, in marked and impressive contrast with the scene below, where the blackness of the water and the last flickering of twilight over the boulders produced a weird effect of white mist and grey shadow, while the wind howled over the sea outside and shivered among the rocks. Whilst he was gazing at this unusual work of nature's art, he heard a wailing sound, that might be the moaning of the wind, but was more like the

voice of a woman in distress. He strained his eyes in the direction from which the sound had come, and bent over to listen. As he did so, a wreath of mist, that hung about the base of the towering cliff, shaped itself into the likeness of a human form. In another moment he saw the figure of a young woman standing on one of the boulders, which the black water had by this time nearly covered. He heard the sound again distinctly. Then he saw her raise her right arm and wave a scarf.

"Back water as hard as you can," he shouted.

"What would I be doing that for?" answered the boatman.

"Back water, or I shall jump overboard and swim to her. Don't you see there's a woman drowning?"

The boatman turned very pale and trembled. There was terror in his eyes. In an instant he ceased rowing. Then he rested the starboard oar in his left hand and crossed himself, muttering:

"God save you, and me too, this blessed night! It's not flesh and blood at all, sorr. There's many besides you that have seen it (God rest their souls!) and never trod the shore again."

The stranger, who, in the meanwhile, had seen it become more and more indistinct until it melted away, took one of the oars, and, without saying a word or looking back, began to row in earnest.

"We must pull out from shore, sorr. The wind is shifting, and it blows hard outside."

"Cliffs all the way to be dashed against," said the stranger to himself. "And then—what? This man realizes it—realizes the wrench of death and the plunge beyond—as clearly as I do. I can see that in the set of his mouth, hear it in his muffled voice; and I see that he has no fear of death itself, no doubt of any kind as to the belief he professes. Yet he trembled like a child when I told him what I saw standing on a boulder. He can face the Unseen, but he starts at the Unreal. Was it unreal? What do I know of anything beyond the tangible? What do I truly know even of that? Truth, if it is, is hopelessly beyond my grasp, and mocks me in my fetters; and if it is not——"

A shower of spray and a heavy gust of wind broke the thread of his thoughts, making the reality of a rough sea apparent. They had left the shelter of the land, and made

their first plunge into a rolling sea. By this time it was nearly pitch dark. The outline of the cliffs had become indistinct, and soon the great brown wall looked like a dense curtain of cloud that gradually mingled with the darkness, till nothing could be seen at a boat's length except the white crests of waves rolling towards them. The weather grew rapidly worse, and when they had nearly shipped a heavy sea the stranger said :

"We shall be swamped if we go further out. Hadn't we better try to make for Peveridge Bay as well as we can, without minding the rocks? We have no time to spare, for it blows harder than it did, and the sea is getting rougher."

"Any way it's your sowl you'd better be attending to, I'm thinking," answered the boatman. "We must do our endeavour, but it's a bad mess we're in entirely."

They made for Peveridge Bay as nearly as he could judge, and then their difficulties began. They had to row two miles, or perhaps more, against wind and sea, in the dark, and find their landing-place by the help of a light at the coast-guard station, if they could see it. They went to work without saying a word, and worked well; but it was too much for them at last, and they felt that it was. By that time they had kept it up for a long while—at least so it appeared to them—yet they could see nothing, and only guess the distance they had gone. The stranger was vigorous and resolute, but his powers were giving way. The muscles had lost their spring, the will its object; and at last he said, "It's all over with us. My strength is gone, and we can't see anything a yard off."

The boatman made no reply. The stranger repeated the words, "It's all over with us."

"It is, sorr, I think," said the boatman bluntly.

"Then what are we trying to do? We can't hold on much longer, and we couldn't see Peveridge Bay now, if it were only ten yards off."

"We must do our endeavour, anyhow. May be we'll be able to see the light. We're not far off it, I think."

"And not far off the cliffs."

"That's true."

The stranger set to work again doggedly; but his arms were unable to obey his will, and he was beginning to doubt whether it would be possible even to hold the oar five minutes longer when, happening to look towards the land, he saw a dark red speck of light, about the size of a pin's head, twinkling faintly above the level of the sea.

"The Lord be praised!" said the boatman. "That's the coast-guard station, and not two hundred yards away. If it hadn't been for that, we'd have fed the fishes—God rest our souls if we had!—for it's tired I am."

"And the wind has shifted a little, or else the land lies differently here," added the stranger. "It blows inshore now. Are you sure that's the coast-guard station?"

"I am, sorr."

They pulled in the direction of the light. Big waves, crested with threatening foam, rolled and tumbled after them. The red speck of light became clearer and more twinkling, but that was all that could be seen till they came upon the surf that fringed the shore. Lastly, a large wave landed them amid a deluge of spray.

"You're well out of that, Mick," said one of the coast-guard, who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of their oars.

"I am, and that's the truth," answered the soaked fisherman, shaking the sea-water from his clothes; "if it hadn't been for this gentleman here I'd have been in worse trouble."

"But if I hadn't kept you so long over it," said the stranger, "you would have been in before the bad weather had begun."

"It wasn't that at all, sorr——"

But at that moment a larger wave threatened, with some show of success, to take away the boat it had landed, and they hauled her up therefore as quickly as possible. Then the stranger, having first paid for the hire of it, asked where the nearest resemblance to an inn could be found at the shortest distance, and how he was to find his way there.

"Well, sir," said the guardian of the coast, "there is a place up in the village, across the fields."

"Och! that won't do at all," said Mick. "It isn't for the likes of him. You come with me, sorr. We'll put you up better than that, anyhow. This way, sorr."

The stranger, who was tired, hungry, dripping, and dejected, closed with the hospitable proposal gratefully, saying to himself in confidence as they set out, "He amuses me, too, as far as I can be amused, and his freshness interests me, as far as I am capable of being interested."

After a three minutes' walk in total darkness they stopped at the door of Mick's dwelling-place, which appeared to stand in the hollow of a hill sloping up from the western side of the bay. Mick opened the door, and muttering, "There's no light

at all," roared out, "Dennis, you spalpeen! is it asleep you are?"

There was no immediate answer, but footsteps were heard from the outside. "That's him," said Mick. "There's only me at home, sorr, and a boy of a son. My wife has gone to fetch her old mother, God rest her sowl! (only she isn't dead), and one of the girls is in service, and the other married to a chap (bad luck to him!) that's no better than a heathen."

"It's looking out I was, father," said the boy of a son, who was now within speaking distance. "You might have been drowned, this blessed night, left alone in that bit of a boat."

"Be asy now. I wasn't alone, then, at all. Go and fry a bit of bacon for the gintleman; and make up a big fire, for it's wet and cold he is."

"I hope you won't take all that trouble for me," said the stranger. "I have been well warmed this evening."

"By the powers you have, sorr, without any lying at all. But look at the water dripping off your coat!"

"If there is fire enough to do the bacon, there is fire enough to dry my clothes. But, you know, sea-water never hurts anybody."

He followed the boy of a son, and stood by the kitchen fire while Mick made preparations. Within a quarter of an hour from the time of his arrival, everything was ready in another room. The room was comfortable, and a newly-lighted fire was beginning to burn up. The meal agreed with his appetite, and a drop of the "craythur" warmed him. "This is better," he said, "than the work we were at a little while ago."

"It's a deal safer anyway," answered Mick.

"Yes, and pleasanter. I never was more comfortable—try this tobacco—never in my life. And how well furnished——"

"Them jimcracks are for the lodgers that come—dacent people that can't afford much, and bring the childer for the sea air."

"I suppose the hill shelters you from the south-west wind?"

"Indeed, then, and it sheltered something worth a deal more than I'd fetch in the market."

"What was that?"

"What the smugglers landed at low water, out of sight of the coast-guard, and rolled up here through a hole they bored in the cliff, and kept the kegs out of sight there till the boys came on their horses (forty or fifty at a time, they say) to carry

them away. Some of the ould people could tell you about that, I think."

"I should like to have a look at it to-morrow morning before I go. If that secret passage could speak it would tell some queer stories."

"It would, sorr, and that's the truth; but there's nothing of that sort now at all."

"I suppose that somebody lived here who had a share in the concern," said the stranger.

"That's so, I'm thinking," said Mick. "Here's the door, and a big bolt on it, because the lodgers didn't like it."

"And that place, where I saw what I took for a woman standing on a boulder——"

"God rest her sowl, the poor craytur!" said Mick.

"What was it that I saw?" said the stranger. "Of course I have heard of ghosts, but——"

"You've seen one of 'em, then, and that's the truth of it. It's called the Lady's Bay. She's been seen there, now and again, many a year."

"Well, I certainly thought that I saw a woman there, for I sang out to you to back water. Who do they say it is?"

Mick pulled hard at his pipe, looked hard at nothing, and gave no sign of intelligence, but appeared to be listening. Presently he got up and said, "Whisht! it's the carrier's cart with the auld woman."

There was a lumbering sound outside, as of a cart coming slowly over the grass. Mick went out and soon returned with two women—one about seventy, the other some thirty years younger—saying, "Come to the fire, for it's cold ye are."

The stranger began talking to them, and found, after a while, that the old woman was not a native of Peveridge; but it occurred to him that she might know something more definite about the mysterious appearance in the Lady's Bay, and after waiting some time in hopes of hearing her speak of it, he said:

"We were talking about what I saw to-day in the dusk when we were coming from Greenhaven. I thought I saw a woman standing on one of the boulders in a sort of bay that runs back to the cliff. Is there any story about it?"

The old woman turned pale, and her eyes lost the light that age had not quenched.

"Perhaps you know something, sir, about her," she said, scrutinizing his countenance closely while she spoke.

"Not that I am aware of. I never was in this country before, and I know nothing about it."

Soon afterwards Mick's wife left the room, and Mick followed. The old woman remained silent for a while, and then said abruptly: "So you saw what is seen in the Lady's Bay, and you wish to know how she came to be seen there."

"I should like to know it, if you don't dislike telling me."

"Why should I dislike it—an old woman like me, too? What is done is done, and what is remembered is better than written. But I believe you know something about it."

"I assure you that I don't: but you have made me feel very curious to hear it."

"Very well, sir. Then you shall hear the story—as much, however, as I know, and as much as I have heard tell. After you passed the Lady's Bay you came to a bit of a valley between high cliffs, running down to the shore—but perhaps it was too dark to see it?"

"It was, and blowing hard."

"Well, sir, it's there, and a beautiful place is Raven's Combe. I've seen it from the hill, and once in a boat when I was a girl. It runs up from the sea—a green chine, with trees growing up the slope on both sides. The house is a good way on, with a steep hill behind. You can't see it from the sea, but you can look down on it from both sides of the hill—and a beautiful quiet place, to be sure. Sir Leofric used to come there in the autumn, and so did his father before him. The other place, and the biggest part of the property, lies away over the hill (that's where I was born and bred, and lived a many years). Well, six and twenty years ago he came there, the last day of August, with his daughter, for my lady was dead. There was only that one daughter and no son. The other place was to go to his brother, but he could do as he liked with Raven's Combe, and she was to be the heiress. A beautiful young lady she was as you could set eyes on—so they all said—but I never chanced to see her myself, being mostly out at service after she was born. They saw a good deal of company; for some of the officers used to come from the barracks at Ledchester, and stop a night or two, and shoot the partridges. One of them fell in love with the young lady, and she with him. Sir Leofric wouldn't hear of it, and no wonder; for they were Catholics, and the Captain he was a Protestant, if he was anything much. The young lady took on dreadful they say;

but Sir Leofric, he wouldn't invite him again, nor yet take her where she would have the chance to see him. Well, sir, they carried it on in spite of that—the Captain did, however—and one day in the middle of October, early in the morning, she got down to the shore, where a boat was waiting, and went on board something of a yacht that he had hired. How they got married I don't know, I'm sure; but he managed it all somehow. Sir Leofric never held up his head, as you may say, after that. He had something the matter with him, I don't know what it was, and this brought it on. He died within the year, but he didn't leave Raven's Combe away from her. She and the Captain came there after a while, but never seemed settled like—he used to go away of times, nobody knew where, and no letters were to be sent after him. His wife she got melancholy, until at last the Captain said he should leave the army, and take her to travel in foreign parts. Then he hired a courier, and a foreign maid, who came to offer herself for the situation, was engaged to go with them. He didn't hurry himself, however, and next month, that was in July, a son and heir was born. Then the Captain, they say, meant to get out of the army and off abroad as soon as she was able to travel. But she was fond of Raven's Combe, and didn't seem to care to move. At all events it happened somehow that when October came, there they were still at Raven's Combe. One afternoon, when he was away with the regiment at Ledchester, his young wife went down to the sea with the baby, who was then three months old, and that foreign maid (who had got to be a favourite) carrying him. They went round the cliff, and walked on as far as the place you saw. It was that very day year she had gone off with the Captain; and they say she seemed very low all the morning. However, she ran along the slippery rocks, all green with sea-weed, and at last her foot slipped. Her ankle was so sprained she couldn't walk, and she had to send the maid back with the baby for help. The woman was a long time getting any one, and they *do* say she took her time over it. Anyhow the help came too late. The water was up to the cliff, and higher than usual, for it was a very high tide. They had to go in a boat. They searched all about and found her hat and feather floating in the water, and soon after they found her. She was quite dead. It was she you saw."

"A very touching story," said the stranger, "and you told

it so well that I can fancy I see it all. Thank you very much. And what became of the wicked or careless maid?"

"The Captain couldn't bear the sight of her, nor let her be in the house an hour longer. She went away, and I don't know that she has been heard of in this country since."

"But what motive could she have had in neglecting a mistress who was fond of her?"

"No one seemed to be able to say, but some thought as there was two of them in it and they wanted to rob the house and take the lady's diamonds—leastways an old widow woman, always in black, was sometimes seen talking to her in the Glen, and no one knew where she came from. But its hard to tell. I can't say for certain whether it was so or not, and I really don't know what to believe about it. Evil tongues have such a way of twisting up a lie out of a bit of truth, that you're troubled to get at the rights of what you hear. The Captain came back to Raven's Combe six weeks ago, anyhow, and the house was never robbed then or since. I wish you a good night, sir."

The stranger, being left alone, or, in more expressive idiom, by himself, began an interior dialogue at once. Aspiration and Unbelief were the speakers, as before, and habit sat in judgment; but the hard rowing, after a night without sleep, had fairly tired him out, and the colloquy only amounted to this:

"I saw it—I *did* see it; and if a sane man in health can't believe that he sees what he sees, what right has a jury to take the evidence of witnesses? Perhaps it hasn't; and then we shall be like the Kilkenny cats—and a good riddance of us all—only who will there be to be rid of us? Yes! I did see it; but what of that? Some combination of light and mist impressed itself on the retina, and imagination did the rest, though I never expected to see anything there. I only wish it were true, for then there would be something beyond: but it can't be. It must be an hallucination. Everything is an——"

"Hallucination," he would have meant, had he been able to mean anything more, but sleepiness prevailing, he slept then and there, and slept on till a noise in or against the wall awoke him.

"A rat," he thought, "and a very useful rat. I might have slept on here till daylight, and stiffened in my half-dried clothes. It made a good deal of noise for its size; but in the stillness

of the night one hears things as if they were louder than they really are."

He looked at his watch: it pointed to a quarter-past eleven.

The candle had burned out, but there was a box of matches on the table, and he lighted a bedroom candle with it while a cuckoo-clock in the kitchen struck eleven. The bedroom candle had a wire guard for keeping off the draught, and when he saw that, he looked at the big bolt pointed out by Mick as fastening the entrance of the cave. "I have a great mind," thought he, "to explore the place now. There was a sort of romance about the old smugglers, and their trade was, after all, not more dishonest than modern competition has made—yes, not more dishonest, and beyond measure less mischievous morally—and they risked their lives."

He drew back the big bolt and went in. The cave was three yards wide and a little higher than his head. He walked on about a hundred yards. It became narrower and then turned off to the right. A little further on he heard a sound as of footsteps hurriedly retreating.

"An adventure," thought he, quickening his pace. And on he went, without noticing how far, till the cave became narrower still, only wide enough to let a large cask roll between and so low that he had to stoop.

"I am taking a deal of trouble for nothing," said he at last. "I may as well turn back and go to bed."

A violent gust of wind blew out the wire guarded candle, and then he saw a dim light before him apparently not far off. He stopped and heard the sound of waves at the sea entrance, and the echo of the sound within the cave.

"Those were the footsteps," he said, "and the cave is—a cave, and the noise that woke me was a rat in the wall—no doubt."

He groped his way back, relit the candle, took from his knapsack such necessities as it contained, then went to bed thoroughly tired and slept a dreamless sleep that lasted through the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE stranger, having been in bed and asleep at nine o'clock in the evening, naturally awoke before daybreak, and, having nothing to do, soon found his way downstairs. Mick's wife was already at work, while Mick walked about with his hands in his pockets, waiting for his guest. In half an hour breakfast was ready, and before the sun had risen, Mick stood at the house door giving complicated directions.

"Thank you," said the stranger, as soon as he could edge a word in, "I see which way to go. But you really must let me pay, like the other people who come to lodge here."

"I will not, sir," answered Mick, decisively. "I'd have been drowned without you, and I not made my Easter. Bad luck to the haythens that haven't got a bit of a chapel anywhere near! But, bedad, I won't give the divil another chance to play at pitch-and-toss with my sowl."

"Well, but look here," urged the stranger, "I was taking care of myself. You *must* let me——"

"I will not, sir," said Mick, retiring to the back of the house and audibly opening a door.

"Well, let me say good-bye."

"God save you, sir, and give you a good end," roared Mick from the inside of the back door.

The door and the question were then closed, and the stranger went his way, saying aloud to himself, "I should like to have shaken hands with him. Where and how should I have lodged last night if I had been left alone to shift for myself? And men talk about being independent!"

His first landmark was a small village under the hill, with a rough road through it that turned precipitously upwards to the left.

"I can find my way over the hills," he thought, "with an English tongue in my head; but what am I to do then? Mick evidently knew who the man on the black horse was, but he got some kind of bull into his head, and wouldn't say. I don't even know which direction to take. Did any sane man ever set out on such a wild-geese chase as this? And for what purpose? In search of delusions that have no power to delude. That

figure in the Lady's Bay set me dreaming for a moment or two, catching at shadows, trying to walk through a looking-glass, and only running my head against a cold surface. How attractive this country is! Not strictly beautiful, perhaps, in the eyes of an orthodox tourist or a sentimental landscape painter, but full of a strange harmony that purifies the senses, warms the heart, and softens the sharp edges of imagination. I could contemplate dreamily here for awhile if I didn't think, and almost believe that things are as the things I have longed for. Here I am in the village, and there is the Parsonage House. I wonder what he thinks of life, and what his wife thinks of it. Perhaps they don't think—most people don't. Mick doesn't think, and he is a very good fellow, and very happy about everything when he has made his Easter."

Two labourers passed by. He wished them good-morning, and thought for an instant that he would make inquiries about the riders of black horses in that neighbourhood; but he thought better of it, or, as far as he could know, worse, and walked on, turning in due course up the rough road. When he had reached the top he faced about to look back, musing over the prospect before his eyes and the prospect before his mind. An irregular expanse of wild grass land stretched out from the foot of the hill to the sea, sloping upwards to the right in forms wild yet attractively homelike.

"I never saw such green grass," he thought, "and such white lambs—lambs in November. There seems to be a house down there on the left, above Peveridge Bay, with grass fields behind it, and then the cliff, and then—that very blue sea, which, a few hours ago, nearly extinguished in me the thing we call life, the instinct of delusion. And then, over the trees on the left, there is the grassy top of another hill, bounded by the cliff and dipping down, farther eastward, into the glen where Raven's Combe is. I had better not have heard the old woman's tale, for the vanished hallucination has left me darker than before. And yet I keep on, in spite of it, following another false light, and making a fool of myself by asking everybody about a man who rides a black horse, and lives—I don't know where."

He turned away, feeling more heart-weary than ever, and looked at the ordnance map. Lyneham appeared to be at least a dozen miles off, and the rider of the black horse, if he could be identified, might live a long way on the other side.

It occurred to him that, as the days were short, he had better go back to Greenhaven, and begin his quest early the next morning, either on a hired horse or in a hired carriage. But what was he to do with the interval of daylight, having a knapsack on his back and an interesting country to see?

"I may as well take the road to the left," he said, "and then down the hill and up the other, and explore, as much as I can, this poem of nature, though it only mocks me with the semblance of a delusion, in which I see myself reflected as I am—a subject without an object. Worldly wisdom, if I had any, would say,

Quoniam non potest id fieri quod vis,
Id velis quod possit—

or, as a man once put it to me in the concrete, "Mais, monsieur, vous avez toujours les plaisirs de la table." But whether the choice of a *Bonum* be restricted within the limits of a *menu*, or whether it may include all else that is not worth having, I have no power to choose what I shall wish, no control over the nature of the delusions that make up my being. There is hopeless antagonism between what is and what I would have it to be. What I would have it to be, cannot be, and what is must be—or, more correctly, what is not cannot be made even to seem as if it were. One theory about man is that we have no will at all. A hideous idea! But I cannot avoid believing it, for if my will were free, I should have some power to control imagination, which I cannot do."

He shuddered, but the spectre pursued him. "If my will," he thought, "were free, it would have some power to control imagination acting against it, for it would be the nobler and the stronger of the two. But imagination acts against my will—picturing, in spite of me, things that torture because they cannot be."

And that was the last word of his philosophy before he descended the steep hill, examining the map. He might have asked himself whether he was likely to have made a genuine act of will against imagination picturing what he longed for; and, perhaps, the result might have led him to doubt whether imagination had anything to do with it. He might afterwards have inquired within as to what it could be that so obstinately proposed impossible things to his belief; and the answer to that would have given him something more solid to start from. But he was like a man reading medical books to find out

whether he has a heart inside him, when he need only feel his own pulse to assure himself of the fact. Poor fellow! He was as good as gold, as true as steel, and full of intense longings for all that would make a man of him, in the highest sense of the word, and train him upwards to the Final Cause of his creation. Such he was by nature, but of grace he knew nothing, had never heard of it except in solemn caricature. Nature and Humanity were the weapons that modern Progress offered him to fight his way with in the battle of life. It was well for him that his instincts were better than the teaching of his teachers; but instinct is corruptible under the slow action of false principles, and then—*corruptio optimi pessima*. He was in a perilous position, and he felt it, without seeing any way out.

"What will all this bring me to?" he said, standing on the top of the next hill, and looking wearily round at the sea on his left. "Rather, what may it bring me to? I know not what may be awaiting me—what pitfalls, what pressure of insidious temptation. But I do know that, when temptation and temperament are strong and meet like two thunder-clouds, neither positivism nor any other 'ism' of the period could be stronger than a bubble against a torrent. One would not be awed by collective humanity, nor turned away from the purpose of one's passions by toddling after temporary truth with the gladness of true heroism. I wonder whether any of the sailors on board that brig believe in

The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
And keeps watch o'er the life of poor Jack.

If they do, ever so dimly, I would give all I have and beg my bread barefoot simply to be in their place. There was a time when I could have believed as Mick does, and without failing to make my Easter if I had. He who opened the modern Pandora's box for my private benefit, and left its contents in me—only he didn't reserve hope, because he had none there to reserve—has been my best friend, as friends are usually measured, and thinks he was in that; yet I could find in me to say:

*Μάντι κακῶν, οὐ πώποτέ μοι πὸ κρήγυνον εἶπας.*¹

as if I could avoid being in the dark by shutting my eyes!"

¹ Prophet of evil! no message of truth was thy message to me.
(Hom. *Il.*)

Just then he saw a farmer riding towards him, where the road passed through a large bit of pasture with a farmhouse near the farther end, a steep³ grassy hill on the right, and a variety of cattle all about, including a she-goat, a white donkey, three half-bred colts, an indefinite number of bullocks, and a peaceable bull standing in the road a few yards off. "I can but ask," he said.

The farmer told him the names of several places, pointed out some landmarks, and said that, most likely, the rider of the black horse was the Rev. Mr. Thorndyke Smith, Rector of Grumford Stoneway. The stranger thanked him and went on, muttering, "Mick, Mick, you don't know what you have done by answering that question *à tort et à travers*!"

The road kept its old-world character all the way, and, passing through a large tract of grass-land with an Elizabethan house of grey stone on the left, near the sea, led to a village at the foot of a hill, where it turned up a steep ascent into another road that wound along westward. He followed the upper road until he came to a lodge at the entrance of a park, where it bore to the right, and, walking on, found himself in a flat country with a stretch of heathland before him. There he stopped, and, having sat down for a while under a hedge, retraced his steps, expecting to be at Greenhaven before dark; but, a long way on, while noticing the scenery and forgetting to notice the road, he took a wrong turn, which brought him into a country of strange and desolate appearance. The road was quite straight, and bordered on either side by frightful broken flats that looked like the entrance of chaos.

"What road have I blundered on now?" he said to himself. "But it must lead somewhere."

Irritated by the ugly desolation, he mended his pace, and, in about three quarters of an hour, came to a market-town.

"What is the name of this town?" he asked.

"Wereford," answered a boy standing by a shop door with his hands in his pockets.

"And where is the hotel or inn?"

"The King's Head, sir."

"And there will I stay till to-morrow morning," he thought.

"I shall be nearer Lyneham, and have a better chance, perhaps, of hiring a decent hack. I am weary of walking in the company of myself; and this big knapsack holds enough for to-night."

To the King's Head he went, and having eaten nothing after

seven o'clock, it being then nearly three, ordered his dinner. He was shown into a sitting-room—the only available one, they said, because the house was under repair—but had not long sat down in it when he heard sounds of voices outside, sounds of demand and apology, that grew in volume and assumed an articulate form in the shape of an imprecation on himself as its occupant. Then a hand was placed on the handle of the door, and a young man strode in aggressively. He was about six feet one or two in height, with long, self-asserting legs, a stiff body ferret-shaped up to the shoulders, which were heavy and square but not proportionately broad. He had large, obtrusive eyes that appeared to be opening further. Their colour was light blue or blueish white, according to the width of their expansion. His nose was really straight, but the obtrusiveness of the nostrils made it seem to turn up a little at the point. His hair and complexion were of a light neutral tint, not very unlike that of old straw. His mouth was the most expressive part of him, and the worst in its expression: it showed weakness of character and strength of obstinacy in equal proportions. Yet, with all these defects, he had a certain amount of showy good looks, and, when he was pleased, might easily appear to advantage on the surface of society. Such as he was, and not at all to the advantage of that, he entered the room, taking no notice of its occupant. The stranger looked at him, and waited patiently for what he might have to hear. But he had already overheard more than was agreeable, and there was danger in the smile that marked his silence. No two men could be more unlike in appearance or in disposition. The stranger, who measured about five feet nine, was remarkable for his athletic build, his graceful movements, the calm dignity of his bearing, and the thorough objectiveness that expressed itself in his manner, in his eyes, and even in his voice. His features were of the highest type. Harmony of proportion made them what they were, and contrast, as such, was not apparent. His hair was richly brown, his complexion richly fair, his eyes dark grey of great power and depth—eyes that imposed and appealed. But the clearest witness of will in him was his mouth, or at least the most constant. There the force of his character could always be read, without fear of mistakes; but the expression of his eyes was habitually so sad and so absent, that you would often have to look rather critically for their evidence of power.

These were the two men that accident and idiosyncrasy had

brought into unexpected collision about the one available sitting-room in the King's Head at Wereford.

"This room is taken," said the obtruder, throwing his hat and hunting-whip on the table.

"It is," answered the stranger.

"I say it *is*," said the other man.

"And so do I," said the stranger.

"I say it's mine," said the long man, in a loud voice.

"There, I am afraid, our opinions diverge," answered the stranger in the gentlest of tones, but with an emphasis that warned. "You have mistaken the room. This is mine."

He rose from his chair, and bowed decisively. The long man lost his temper, and squaring up close to him, blustered out, "Who the devil are *you*? It comes to this—

"It will come to my sending you neck and crop down the stairs, if you don't be off," interrupted the stranger, without raising his voice or changing its tone.

The long man crimsoned at this view of the case, and tried to collar him. To his great surprise, he found himself tumbling loosely backwards to the other side of the room, where his head bumped with much emphasis against the wall.

"Don't do that again," said the stranger, coming forward and opening the door. "This is the way out, and I shall feel obliged if you will go out of your own accord."

But before the person addressed could pull himself together and make up his mind as to what he should do, a young lady appeared on the scene, followed by a tallish young man, rather handsome than otherwise, another young lady who resembled nothing so much as the average, and a thick-set man with stubbly grey hair, whose appearance betokened an hereditary position, Evangelical persuasions, and respectable horsiness. The young lady who entered first had heard the waiter's apologies about the sitting-room, seen the long man swagger upstairs, and followed the signs of dispute. She looked at the aggressor and said nothing, but that look was sufficient: it deprived him of whatever little dignity the stranger had condescended to leave in him. He turned red and white and red again, and stammered out some incoherent excuses, which he finished off by saying in an injured tone "that he had done it on her account."

The stranger, who had taken up his knapsack, hat, stick and gloves as soon as she entered the room, now came forward,

and, bowing reverentially, said as he passed her, "I hope you will believe that I was not aware of this. No one told me that a lady wanted the room."

"I am well assured of that by your most kind and chivalrous behaviour," answered the lady; "but I entreat you to stay. It was quite a mistake."

"It was indeed," said he of the stubbly hair. "We are not going to stay here, I assure you. We started too late on a long expedition, and we're hungry: so we stopped here, and I told the waiter to bring us luncheon in the old ball-room that I remember dancing in when I was a lad."

"The whole place is under repair," answered the stranger. "This is the only available sitting-room, for they told me so. And besides, I ought to be at Greenhaven, where my luggage is, because I shall have to make an early start in the morning. The fact is, I turned in here because I was affronted with an ugly bit of country; but I have got over that, and I really want my luggage."

"Yes—but you must want your luncheon, after your long walk."

"No, I really don't. I had much rather dine early at the other place."

Bowing again with a grace that made the long man swear inwardly, he went downstairs and said that he wanted some kind of carriage. "Anything," he said, "that would take me to Greenhaven."

A fly came to the door, and he got in, trying to think of his luggage as the cause of his departure.

"But I don't care about it," he thought, as the fly drove off. "I don't care whether I find it or not, nor whether I find anything or anybody."

When he arrived at Greenhaven he dined, and then walked by the sea, wishing that he had not been born with the power of wishing. By ten o'clock he had tried everything—that is, the sea-shore in the dark, and a billiard-room with a dim gas-light, where he speculated on the aims and objects of life, as possibly viewed by some excursionists who were playing pool. At last he tumbled into a spring-bed, where he went to sleep as soon as the springs were quiet. There he dreamt of the lady that he had seen at the King's Head, and of the long man who had made an ass of himself obtrusively for her sake.

Reviews.

I.—CATHOLIC CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN UNBELIEF.¹

DR. RICARDS' somewhat lengthy title has the merit of letting his readers know at the very outset what is the precise object he has in view in writing his book. Not a few popular apologetic works have lately been published both in England and abroad, and it is well that we should have a variety of such books, for the simple reason that not only are the forms of error manifold, but the reply that produces no effect on one reader, will with another just settle some perplexing difficulty, and start the train of thought which may end in bringing him to the full acknowledgment of the truth. But precisely because works of this kind are being so rapidly multiplied, the first question we ask ourselves on taking up a new one is this—"Is it really new? Has it any special feature of its own?" It cannot of course present us with new truths, so far as the essentials of Catholic doctrine are concerned, but it can look at old truths from a new point of view, put well-tried arguments in a new form, employ new methods of illustration, group the arguments so as to make them throw new light upon each other, and finally meet new phases of old errors by new expositions of eternal truths. What then is the special feature of Dr. Ricards' book? We think it is this. He takes not Catholic doctrines in detail, or infidel errors in detail, but he takes the Catholic system as a whole, grouping its leading doctrines round the great central fact of the Incarnation; then taking them thus as a whole he shows how different the "Faith once delivered to the Saints" is from the

¹ *Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief*,—a plain and brief statement of the Real Doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, as opposed to those falsely attributed to her, by Christians who reject her authority, and by Unbelievers in Revelation; that thus a contrast may easily be drawn between the "Faith once delivered to the Saints" and the conflicting theories and scientific guesses of the present age; and serving as a Refutation to the assaults of modern Infidelity. By the Right Rev. J. C. Ricards, D.D., Bishop of Retimo, and Vicar Apostolic of the Eastern Vicariate of the Cape Colony. New York: Benziger Brothers, 1884.

account of Catholic doctrine usually given by Protestant and infidel assailants of the truth. He allows again and again that if Catholic doctrine were what it is represented to be by its opponents, their arguments would be valid against it, and it would be simply untenable. But then taking it as it really is, he contrasts it with the rival systems of our day, and asks his readers to judge for themselves on which side is truth. The force of the argument is in the contrast, first between the real doctrines of the Church, and those falsely attributed to her, secondly, between Christianity as taught in the Catholic Church, and the substitutes for Christianity offered by its assailants.

Another striking feature of the book is the form in which it is cast. The style is easy, simple, almost colloquial. Many of the chapters read like familiar lectures. Dr. Ricards tells us his book is really in the main the outcome of trains of thought suggested by conversation with non-Catholics in various places and at various times during the thirty-five years he has spent as a missionary priest and bishop, since he left Ireland to devote himself to the Church's work in South Africa. Thus objections and difficulties are stated as he has often heard them stated in actual intercourse with men. If he has changed them at all, he assures us it is to make them clearer and more telling. Naturally his replies are cast in the same form. They do not affect the laboured accuracy of a scholastic disputation. They are put as far as possible in such words as busy men will easily understand. The reader, like the hearer, is supposed to take them in the plain sense of their context. A critic searching for faults might take exception to a word here or an expression there, but what our author says must be read in the spirit of the whole book, and, thus read, we can only say he has produced a very telling exposition of what we may call the *prima facie* proof for Catholic doctrine, drawn from the very nature of the Catholic system. The book is not meant to provide a complete summary of all possible proofs, but it gives what it promises, such a statement of Catholic doctrine as will clear away much prejudice, remove many difficulties, and produce at least a presumption in favour of the truth of the Catholic Church in the mind of any honest inquirer, who will take the trouble not only to read it, but to think a little about what he has read.

If we were asked to single out any chapter for special praise, we should be inclined to select that which deals with "Catholic Christianity in some practical aspects," especially that part of

it which treats of the real nature of the religious life in the Church, a point on which popular delusions are perhaps more rife than on any other. In another chapter, where our author has taken a whole argument from another hand (that which deals with vestiges of primitive tradition in Eastern religions), he has not been so happy. He has followed in M. de Rouën an untrustworthy guide, but fortunately this minor argument is a mere detail, and forms no part of the main thesis of the book. We only call attention to it here in the hope of seeing the few pages devoted to it recast from more recent sources in a future edition.

We quite agree with Dr. Ricards, that the real danger now-a-days is less so-called "Free-thought" than want of thought, and not the least merit of his book is that it is well calculated to set its readers thinking. Its very style makes the reader half feel that the writer is face to face with him, and in many parts one is carried on as if by a lively conversation. Apologetic works are so often ponderously dull, that a writer who shows that the defence of Christianity can be set forth in at least as bright a style as the attack, deserves hearty thanks for this alone.

2.—COMPENDIUM OF MORAL THEOLOGY.¹

Father Sabetti, the Professor of Moral Theology at Woodstock, Con., U.S.A., has given to the world a *Compendium of Moral Theology* which will be greatly prized by students. The author has managed to compress into nine hundred and three pages two volumes of Gury, with the pith of Father Ballerini's learned notes. Father Ballerini has earned a world-wide reputation. He was really a theologian—that is, a man in a million. But his notes only make us thirst the more for a complete treatise of theology from his pen: and notes at best, from the necessity of the case, are not pleasant reading. Father Sabetti has incorporated into the text much of what Father Ballerini has written, and thus provides the student with the substance of Gury and Ballerini. Father Sabetti has wisely omitted from the text not a little which Father Gury gave with a view merely to France, and substituted the decrees of the American Plenary Councils, the knowledge of which is so necessary in the United

¹ *Compendium Theologicæ Moralis P. Ballerini ad breviorē formam redactum a P. Aloysio Sabetti, S.J. Benziger, Neo-Eboraci, 1884.*

States. The author follows the usual arrangement in manuals of moral theology, opening with the Treatise *de actibus humanis*, and closing with two chapters on Indulgences.

We are happy to find ourselves in entire agreement with Father Sabetti on the vexed question whether all the good actions of a person in the state of grace are necessarily deserving of a supernatural reward. Father Sabetti takes the negative view. No action merits a supernatural reward unless it be performed in a state of grace and guided by a motive in some way apprehended by faith. And it is obvious that men free from grievous sin can and often do perform many actions without rising in the least above human considerations (p. 22). In this opinion, which to us is so reasonable, Father Sabetti differs from Father Ballerini, who inclines to the belief that every lawful action of a man in a state of grace *ipso facto* merits a reward from God in Heaven.

Father Sabetti, after the Treatise *de actibus humanis*, follows the ordinary path of theologians, and in very clear simple language passes briefly through the Virtues, the Ten Commandments, and the Precepts of the Church. The Treatise *de justitia et jure* has this special advantage for Americans, that the author refers frequently to the American laws. It is much to be desired that the Treatise *de justitia et jure* should be always studied with special reference to each particular country. Dr. Crolly has done good service for Great Britain and Ireland by his learned work; and we are happy to see him referred to by Father Sabetti. We have lately heard a monstrous doctrine propounded in our English law courts, that it is robbery for a poor man who is starving to take a loaf from a baker's shop. "Although," says our author in giving the true Catholic doctrine, "the *common* necessity from which beggars as a rule suffer does not excuse from theft, *extreme* necessity does excuse, and so long as a man is in that state he may take from another what is enough to free him from extreme necessity. The reason is, that life is of more value than property. In extreme necessity all things become common, and when a man takes from another what is sufficient to relieve extreme necessity, in reality he takes common property which he makes his own (p. 299). This is taught by St. Thomas, 2, 2, q. 66, a. 7, St. Alphonsus, n. 420, Lessius, lib. 2, cap. 12, dub. 12.

Obviously the two most important treatises in any work on moral theology are those on Penance and Matrimony. Of both

we are able to speak most favourably. There are one or two points in the former treatise on which we should like to say a word. Father Sabetti asks this question—Does the Church supply jurisdiction when penitents are in invincible ignorance that the confessor does not possess it? He answers that the Church certainly supplies jurisdiction when there is a *common* belief amongst the faithful in its existence joined to a *titulus coloratus*, as theologians term it, and that according to the more probable opinion, the Church also supplies jurisdiction where the run of the people erroneously believe (*error communis*) the confessor has the power to absolve, even though he have only a *titulus fictus*. But Father Sabetti adds—and here we differ from him—that the Church does not supply jurisdiction, or, in ordinary language, does not give the power to absolve to a confessor in the case where only one or a few (*ubi error sit unius vel paucorum*, p. 615) confess to him under the belief that he can absolve. Were a priest without faculties or jurisdiction from any superior to absolve only one person in the confessional of a public church, we consider that the Church would supply jurisdiction, and the absolution would be valid though unlawful. In other words, while Father Sabetti thinks that the Church looks to the number of penitents, we are of opinion that she looks more to the place in which the confessions are heard.

We are glad to find Father Sabetti holding that it is lawful in case of necessity to absolve, at least conditionally, a person who makes a confession by means of the telephone. If the penitent can speak to the priest through the telephone, why may not the priest, as judge, pronounce, by the same medium, sentence on what he has heard? But this is to give absolution (p. 564).

The book ends with a most useful explanation of the *Constitutio Apostolicæ Sedis* and with an Appendix on Indulgences.

The type and paper are alike excellent, and the alphabetical index very convenient. We wish Father Sabetti's *Compendium of Moral Theology* every success.

3.—CATECHISM OF JOHN HAMILTON.¹

This Catechism was an honest and well-meant attempt on the part of the then Primate of Scotland to revive in the Scottish people the flickering flame of their love for their ancient faith. It was published on the very eve of the Reformation, and though it had no power to avert the crash of impending revolt, it gives evidence of a painful consciousness of the gross ignorance and still grosser corruption which had eaten out the heart of religion north of the Tweed. For in Scotland there does not seem to have existed that jealousy of Papal power which for centuries had been weakening the attachment of the English nation to Rome, nor was there the same amount of positive heresy, which under the auspices of Wicklif and the Lollards had helped the cause of the Reformation in England by a long course of previous training. In Scotland the devil's work had been done in another fashion. Riches and luxury had ruined the clergy, the episcopate reckoned among their number men whose lives were openly immoral. The parish priests were no better, and were, moreover, utterly ignorant, and the religious orders, instead of coming to the rescue of the tottering edifice, were even worse than the secular clergy. Wealth and power had transformed those who should have been models of holy living into lovers of pomp and luxury. The natural sons of kings and nobles were promoted to be the abbots of the most important monasteries while they were still mere boys. The monks had no voice in the elections, and the only road to ecclesiastical preferment was to be a favourite at Court. "And sua the abbacies came" (says John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, in a passage quoted by Mr. Law in the Introduction), "to secular abussis: the abbottis and pryorris being promovit furth of the Court, quha levit courtlyke, secularlye, and voluptuouslye" (p. xiv.).

The wealth of the monastic houses had, besides making the abbacies the prey of Court favourites, another influence which aided in their destruction. The nobles, accustomed to see them thus handed over for the benefit of individual laymen, soon conceived the desire to share the spoil. Why should some

¹ *The Catechism of John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, 1552.* Edited by T. G. Law, Librarian of the Signet Library, Edinburgh. With a Preface by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

bastard boy monopolize the princely revenues? Why should they not all have a slice? Why not suppress the monasteries, often religious houses only in name? Then there would be fine plunder for all. And fine plunder many a Scottish noble received, and for the matter of that, still holds in the person of his descendants.

Such was the state of things on the eve of the Reformation, and when we reflect on it we can scarcely wonder that the Reformation took place. Nothing can excuse revolt from the authority which God has established on earth with a right to rule in His name, but if anything could excuse it, it would be the gross abuse by man of God's authority. Men naturally say in the present day, as they look back on these pre-Reformation times, that the tree is known by its fruits, and that the tree of the Church must be corrupt when it produces such fruits as these. But they overlook the fact that these rotten fruits were not the fruits of the Church's tree, they were fruits from the devil's garden which he tied on certain corrupt branches of the tree. This very Catechism, in its vigorous and outspoken rebuke of the vices that its composers were themselves guilty of, is a proof that the Church of Scotland was corrupt, not because it taught the doctrines of Popery, but in clear and clean opposition to those very doctrines. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. It was because the standard set before the Catholic clergy is so high that they who fall away fall so miserably, and involve in their own destruction so many beside themselves. It was because the religious orders of Scotland professed to be aiming at perfection while all the time they were living a life of worldliness, luxury, and sin, that they dragged poor Scotland down with them, and made it easy work for John Knox and his friends, with their new doctrines and their fierce denunciation of all things ecclesiastical, and especially of the religious life. Very truly and pertinently does Mr. Gladstone say in his Preface, that the abrogation of the Roman supremacy was due both in England and Scotland to a widely-spread feeling already prevailing among the people, without which Henry the Eighth and Knox would have been powerless. This feeling was the unhappy, but almost necessary result of the corruption in the high places of the Church, and of the evil lives of the nobles and of the Court.

But looked at aright, all this is an argument, and a very forcible one, for Roman claims. For the principle is this.

Wherever there exists a high tone of morality among the people, purity in princes and nobles, devotion and unselfishness among the clergy, strictness of discipline among the religious orders, where the clergy are learned and the people well instructed in their religion, there there is no fear of any falling away from Catholic doctrine. On the other hand, where the Court is corrupt, the governing class luxurious and selfish, the clergy immoral and indifferent, the people ignorant and degraded, there all things are ready for revolt, and the aversion from the Papal sway is in proportion to the depth of the moral and social corruption.

This principle receives a curious confirmation from the Catechism of Archbishop Hamilton. In most points it teaches clearly and distinctly Catholic doctrine. Indeed this Catechism affords an unexpected rebuke to those who attack the doctrine of our Lady's Immaculate Conception as something entirely modern. In speaking of Baptism it says: "That ye may plainly understand this spiritual regeneration and renovation, call to your remembrance by whom all men and women are consavit in original syn, except our Salviour Christ and His Mother, the glorious Virgin Mari" (p. 186). In explaining the Angelic Salutation, it adds to a mere statement of the doctrine a sentence expressly distinguishing *conception* and *birth* without sin. "He blissit the conception of His Mother the Virgin Marie, quhen he preservit hir fra original syn. He blissit the nativite of the Prophet Jeremy and St Johne the Baptist, quhen he sanctifyit thame in thair mather's wambe, afore thet thai was borne in this warld."

But there is one doctrine strangely absent from its pages. From beginning to end not a word about the Pope or obedience to the Holy See. The prevailing corruption had subverted the central doctrine of the Catholic Church. The natural instinct of bishops and clergy who lived evil lives was to desire to shake off the yoke of Christ's Vicar, and to keep in the background the authority of him who alone had power to call them to account and punish them. Immorality breeds revolt before it breeds unbelief. Both in England and Scotland the first step was to shake off the Pope as ruler, and this accomplished, the rest was sure to follow. One by one the doctrines of the Church gradually disappear after him who alone has power to enforce them, and thus down the slope rolls the truncated body until it is dashed to pieces over the precipice of Rationalism and an entire denial of the supernatural. Witness the present condition

of extra-Papal Christianity (we apologize for the contradiction in terms) in England, Germany, America, and even in poor Sabbath-keeping Scotland herself. This is the true moral of the present Catechism, which was, we believe, a sincere but feeble attempt to revive religion in the country. Its compilers unhappily had lost the keenness of their vision, and did not perceive that Catholic doctrine without the supremacy of the Pope is like a train cut off from the locomotive. It may run on for a time as if it still possessed its motive power, but ere long it will most certainly come to a dead stop.

Mr. Law, in addition to the Preface, which is written with studious impartiality, has added a very useful Glossary for those unskilled in the Scottish tongue, and a General Index of the subjects treated.

4—A JOURNEY INTO THE DESERT OF THE LOWER THEBAID.¹

Father Jullien has written a very pleasing and interesting account of his journey in company with Mgr. Francis Sogaro, Vicar-Apostolic of Central Africa, and Mgr. Antoun Morcos, Visitor-Apostolic of the Catholic Copts, to visit the two monasteries of St. Anthony and St. Paul in the Lower Thebaïd. These monasteries are reputed to be the most ancient in the Christian world, and they occupy the sites where the two holy patriarchs lived and died. Unfortunately, they are not in Catholic hands, but have been the property for centuries of the schismatical Coptic monks attached to the heresy of Dioscorus. They are of great importance to the Copts, inasmuch as they furnish so many of the bishops and patriarchs of the schism. It was deemed more expedient to acquaint the Coptic patriarch with their design, and if possible obtain from him a letter of recommendation: The patriarch was found to be most agreeable and amiable; but it was evident that he did not attach much importance to education, for, on being asked if he had any intention of sending some of his candidates for Holy Orders to Europe to receive better instruction, he answered, "No; it was quite sufficient if they knew how to pray and lead pious lives." The good Father is evidently a keen observer of nature; his description of the land lying about the banks of the Nile,

¹ *Voyage dans le Désert de la Basse-Thébaïde aux couvents de St. Antoine et de St. Paul.* Par le R. P. Michel Jullien, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Lyon: Bureaux des Missions Catholiques, 1884.

and of the journey through the trackless desert, are full of beauty, though expressed in the simplest language. In the Wady Sannour they came across a bank of fossil shell-fish over a yard in thickness, and covering a space of more than ten thousand square yards; and in the same valley, a little further to the north, they discovered a large quantity of petrified wood, coloured violet by oxides of iron. The traditions of the inhabitants of the desert are not easily lost. Here is an example. Their Bedouin guides, on being asked if they were acquainted with the tribe of the Beni-Ouassel, who had conducted Père Sicard, S.J., to the monasteries in the year 1716, quickly replied, "We all belong to the Beni-Ouassel, and it was our ancestors who acted as guides to your Father."

The journey occupied ten days, during which scarcely a human being was to be seen till their arrival at St. Anthony's Monastery; they said Mass daily about three o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the desert, and could not fail to be struck by the grandeur and solemn stillness of the starry temple which surrounded them. There is a very full and complete description of both monasteries, which cannot fail both to instruct and interest the reader. The Monastery of St. Anthony is surrounded by a huge wall, between forty and fifty feet high, and perhaps one thousand feet in length, without a single gate or entrance for admittance. Each one desirous of entering or leaving the precincts of the establishment has to do so, much in the same way as St. Paul quitted Damascus, by means of a rope. Inside the walls, there is a small village, with a square tower for a place of refuge in case of invasion; each monk has a separate house for himself; during Lent they all assemble in the refectory, and eat in common, whereas at other times each one caters for himself in the kitchen and takes his meals where he pleases.

The visitors were warmly greeted by the fraternity, and with reason, for these poor men had not seen a strange face for more than four years. It was here that St. Anthony breathed forth his pure spirit, January 17, A.D. 356, in his one hundred and fifth year. If we are to believe the traditions of the monks, the foundation of the monastery took place A.D. 315, in the lifetime of St. Anthony, and it has been deserted only once since its establishment, at the time of the conquest of Egypt by Selim the First in 688. After an interval of seventy years, the schismatical Copts took possession, in whose power it still remains.

Father Jullien tells us a curious story, on which Cardinal Massaja may throw some light when he publishes his memoirs. A young Egyptian Catholic, who was a student of the Propaganda, had been sent back home to recruit his health; on his journey up the Nile, he lost his mother, and whilst in search of her was carried off by a schismatic priest to the Monastery of St. Anthony. He was detained there much against his will for eight years, leading meanwhile a most exemplary life. There he would probably have remained till this day, had not his extraordinary virtues marked him out as fitted for a bishopric. He was accordingly being escorted to Cairo by two of the fraternity, when he found means to escape and regain his liberty. He is now the Abouna Boutros, pastor of the Catholic Copts at Mansourah. Whilst in seclusion at the monastery, God did not forsake him, for there came a day when a stranger poorly clad, with a long beard, and seemingly a pedlar, reached the convent. It was no other than Cardinal Massaja, the veteran Vicar-Apostolic of the Gallas, forced to fly from the scene of his labours by the fury of the persecution. This courageous prelate remained for some months at St. Anthony's, preserving a strict incognito and treated as a beggar. There was only one of the community allowed to penetrate the veil of secrecy which surrounded him, and this was our young kidnapped Catholic friend.

The reception which our travellers met with at St. Paul's was still more flattering, for after being hoisted upon the wall in the same primitive style as at St. Anthony's, they were adorned with rich vestments of different colours, and led in procession to the church amidst the strains of sacred psalmody. On arriving at the altar Mgr. Morcos evidently thought that he ought not to lose this opportunity of giving the monks a short instruction on the Primacy of Peter. He thanked them for the honour given to the Chair of Peter in the reception granted to one, who was a subject of the Roman Pontiff, and exhorted them strongly to unite themselves with the Successor of St. Peter whom Christ appointed to be the Head of His Church. The address was listened to with great attention and respect, and at the end all enthusiastically answered, *Amen, amen*. In this monastery, one of the monks was nearly ninety years of age; he had not quitted its walls for sixty years.

In conclusion, from the description given by the Father, we can glean that there is little or no difference in the spot from

the days when Paul the First Hermit chose it for his resting-place, far away from the noise and tumult of the world. A fine engraving gives us some idea of the present monastery and the wildness of the region. Fancy to yourself an immense basin, with sides formed of dark-looking rocks, rising to a height of two thousand five hundred feet, and rent in every direction by numberless ravines; at the foot stands the monastery, gloomy and still; not a blade of grass in sight, not a bird in the air, not a living creature to animate the scene.

5.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.¹

It is impossible to study Christian art without a grateful sense of its magnificent superiority to its pagan rival. The one is of the earth earthy, and can never rise above the earth; its highest ideal is an earthly paradise, gross and material, subversive of any lofty aspirations and high aims, an ideal which is no ideal, but merely a disguised apothecosis of a corrupt realism. But Christian art comes down from Heaven; it rises high above earth and ever higher; it spurns the coarseness of the fleshly paganism; it is kindled with a beauty hidden, indeed, or half hidden from the sensuous gaze of the lover of mere earthly loveliness, but which holds enraptured him whose thoughts and hopes and aims are in the City of God.

In these days, when paganism too often has the insolence to claim art as if it were chiefly her own, a magnificent work of Christian art consecrated to the honour of St. Francis of Assisi is a welcome and refreshing sight. Little did he think, amid his life of poverty and humility, wedded to poverty as his holy bride, poorly lodged, poorly clad, poorly fed, poorly shod, with nothing artistic about him to the dull eye of sense, that he would be, as he undoubtedly was, a source whence would flow a rich stream of varied art for centuries to come. Little did he think that, six hundred years after his death, the art treasures of Europe would be ransacked, to bring together into a splendid volume dedicated to his honour, all the masterpieces of Christian art commemorating his wondrous life, as that of one who more than that of any mediæval saint has inspired the pencil of the painter and the sculptor's graving-tool.

¹ *St. François d'Assise.* Paris: Librairie Plon, Rue Garancière, 10.

This volume, executed in a manner worthy of its magnificent aim, and published by Messrs. Plon et Cie, deserves a very hearty welcome from all lovers of Christian art. It will be specially attractive to all who admire (and who does not ?) the great Saint of Assisi, and above all to those who have the privilege of being Tertiaries of St. Francis. It is a large quarto book, splendidly and elaborately got up, and containing nearly three hundred beautiful and choice engravings and phototypes, reproducing the various places consecrated by the presence of the Saint, and the masterpieces of art, mediæval and modern, which commemorate the scenes of his life and death, the wonders he wrought on earth, and the miracles he has worked from his high throne in Heaven.

The first portion of the book consists of a Life of St. Francis by the Capuchin Father, Louis de Chérancé; the second relates the fruits of his work after he had passed away. Father de Grèzes, another son of Francis, gives a brief account of the Second and Third Order, the last mentioned being well known, under their name of Tertiaries, as among the most illustrious of those branches of religious life which extend from their proper home within the cloister to those whose lot is to remain in the busy world. The Three Divisions of the First Order, the Franciscans of Regular Observance, the Conventuals (or Cordeliers), and the Reformed Conventuals or Capuchins (so named from their ampler hood or capuce), have each its own history and a glory of its own. To the Conventuals belong the special privilege of giving to the Church Popes Sixtus the Fifth and Clement the Fourteenth. The saints of the Order are very numerous. St. Louis of France, among others, was a Tertiary of St. Francis. The holy men who came forth from it, but who have not attained to the honours of canonization, are almost innumerable, from the Englishman, Alexander of Hales (known by the title of Doctor Irrefragabilis), the Master of St. Bonaventure and St. Thomas, and Roger Bacon, father of modern scientists, to the Irishman Father Mathew, the noble apostle of temperance. Of these and many other remarkable men who belonged to the Order as its Members or Tertiaries, Father de Chanday, also a Capuchin, gives a brief and interesting biographical notice.

The volume closes with a very interesting essay on St. Francis' influence on Art. There never was a Saint whose life was so wonderfully artistic. All his life was a poem, whose

stanzas were kindled with fire from Heaven. It was a gallery of pictures of incomparable beauty. His face, his figure, the story of his conversion, the superb and divine folly of his life, that folly which is indeed the wisdom and the power of God, his neophytes crowding round him in his solitude and making the desert re-echo with their hymns of praise, his first monasteries in their picturesque poverty, the miracles he wrought, the demons he put to flight, the contrast of his poverty with the proud splendour then prevailing even in the high places of the Church, and above all, Francis himself, with his angelic face and that strange supernatural expression telling of his intercourse with God and the communication to him of the mysteries of Divine Love, surrounded by the beasts who rejoiced to be his subjects, his children, the listeners to his voice and whom he loved in his turn to call his brethren, and towards the close of his life bearing that supreme mark of Divine Love, the impression on his hands and feet and side of the marks of the Lord Jesus—all this is a poem and a picture in one. It had an influence on Christian art which still lives. It reconciled man with nature, or rather it taught him to see God in nature, and so gave to things inanimate and to the brutes of the field a Divine beauty which inspired the poet's pen and the painter's pencil and the sculptor's chisel, and gave us the masterpieces of Christian art. St. Francis is rightly described in the present volume as *très-sculptural*. His ascetic figure, keen quick eye, his intense appreciation of nature and love of his fellow-men, his thoughts fixed upon God, and giving to his bodily pains a dignity which was the result of his recollection and absorption in Divine things, the very habit which clothed his emaciated body, were all made to inspire the statuary. The pulpit of Sante Croce, the work of Benedetto da Majano, on which the life of St. Francis is sculptured, is a masterpiece, perhaps *the* masterpiece, of mystic and legendary sculpture. An engraving on page 189 represents a portion of it, but can give but little idea of the original. Alonso Cano's statue of St. Francis in ecstasy, beautifully engraved on page 280, is one of the most wonderful pieces of statuary ever produced. What a contrast to the Greek models, perfect as ideals of beautiful human animals, but with nothing Divine in them! In Cano's statue there is scarcely any earthly beauty, the heavenly expression of the face is everything, the rest of the statue is merely subsidiary to this. The animal

disappears under the influence of the beautiful soul which chases it away, or reduces it to a submissive minimum of being. It is a triumph of Christian art.

But if the book is most interesting from a literary point of view, as a work of art it is of rare value. We do not know where to begin or where to end in enumerating the treasures it contains. Giotto's frescoes are well known to every Italian traveller, and the most striking are those relating to St. Francis, of which there is a very large collection reproduced in the present volume. This is enough of itself to recommend it to every lover of art. "St. Francis in glory" (page 269), from a fresco by Puccio Capanna at Pistoia, is less generally known. The likeness of St. Bonaventure, by Raphael (plate 31), seems to us one of the finest engravings in the whole book. Andrea del Robbia's "Nativity," reproduced in photo-aquatint, where St. Francis kneels in ecstasy gazing at the new-born Christ, is of a different type, but still exquisitely beautiful. Ruben's Stigmatization we cannot equally admire, his genius was utterly at variance with the spirit of the Saint of Assisi, and his treatment is almost coarse and repelling. But the subject is a most difficult one, and even Giotto is less successful here.

But it is impossible to do more than mention one or two of the pictures of this magnificent work of art, and we hope that many of our readers will study it for themselves. It ought to be in every Catholic library. We feel sure that every one who possesses it will find that he has secured a veritable treasure.

6.—THE MIRACULOUS EPISODES OF LOURDES.¹

This book is the continuation of Mr. Lasserre's famous work, *Notre Dame de Lourdes*, in which he has told so well the wondrous manifestation of Divine mercy granted to our own times at the Grotto of Lourdes. It is its continuation, but also its natural complement. In *Our Lady of Lourdes* we have the story of the apparitions graphically described, and the first establishment of what is now a world-wide devotion presented to us in all its details. But in this book, the author has under-

¹ *The Miraculous Episodes of Lourdes.* By Henri Lasserre. Translated from the French by M. E. Martin. London: Burns and Oates, 1884.

taken a new and different task. Many miracles have from year to year been recorded since the day when the waters of the holy Grotto first sprang out of the rock; many facts attesting the miraculous intervention of God's power have been published, but few of those supernatural cures are presented to the public with those details which increase so much the circumstantial evidence for their genuineness, and with the authentic documents by which those cures are certified to be beyond the power of nature to effect, or at least to be unparalleled in the annals of medical science. Hence the idea of Mr. Lasserre's book. Among the innumerable cures which have been obtained at Lourdes or by means of the water of Lourdes, he has chosen four, of special significance for the purpose he had in view. Each of these cures he has made the subject of a minute study; he has searched into all the circumstances which led on to the first idea of having recourse to Our Lady of Lourdes; he has analyzed all the facts, great and small, connected with the life of those who have been the singular objects of Mary's favour; he has described in the very words of the physicians, as far as possible, the ailments of which these persons complained and their physical appearance after the cure; lastly, he has printed the attestations of the persons themselves whose cures he relates, and the medical certificates procured before and after the miracles, with the signatures of the doctors, legalized by the Government authorities. It would be difficult to do more for his purpose. Here, then, are four facts which have not taken place in a corner, or only within the observation of little peasant children, as Rationalists are often wont to complain, but in the broad daylight, before hundreds of witnesses; facts which have been investigated by men of learning, themselves, as it appears, for the most part unbelievers, yet forced by the evidence before them to confess in writing that "this case of spontaneous cure appears all the more surprising, that the annals of science make no mention of any fact of a similar nature," or again, "that science is powerless to explain the fact, for no author has ever quoted any similar or analogous observation."

Unbelievers often answer, when pressed by the claims of Christianity to defend their unbelief, that one miracle duly proved would be quite sufficient to persuade them of the reality of the supernatural, but, say they, no such miracle is forthcoming. Mr. Lasserre answers with his book: "Here are four miracles resting on facts, which you cannot refuse to admit

without stultifying yourselves. If, then, your objection was made in earnest, nothing remains for you but to confess the truth to which these four miracles bear witness."

The cure of Francis Macary, of varicose ulcers, which we noticed in our last issue, and the evidence for which must be read *in extenso* in order to realize its force, presents one of the strongest facts ever adduced in modern times in support of the doctrine of miracles.

This book, which has already reached seventeen editions in the French language, is now introduced to English readers by Miss Margaret Martin in an excellent translation. To cause such a work to be known and read in the world is to render a signal service to religion. Both its author and its translator have therefore a claim to the gratitude of all those who are found, in these times, fighting the good fight on the side of truth.

7.—THE WALKING TREES.¹

The publication of attractive books to serve as Christmas presents has become a fixed institution amongst us, and although till quite recently these have consisted chiefly of more serious works made suitable to the occasion by copious illustrations, bright colours, and rich decorations, we may this year especially congratulate the rising generation of all ages, on the large preponderance given to entertaining and instructive tales for the young. Among such the lively and gracefully written fairy stories from the pen of Miss Rosa Mulholland will hold a high place. Each of her four allegories combines playful fancy and sustained interest, with a useful moral easily appreciated even by the very young, and, like all really well-written tales for children, they can be read with pleasure, and by no means without profit, by grown up persons.

The adventures of the hero of *The Walking Trees*, of *Little Queen Pet*, and of the sorrowful young water-sprite, Nira, remind us somewhat of those of Alice in Wonderland. The inspiration, however, is drawn from other scenes of enchantment, from cloud-land and from the abode of the fairies beneath the lake. As might be expected, the most weird-like and fanciful pictures are taken from the realms above us, and here Miss Mulholland

¹ *The Walking Trees*, and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. With Illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

attains a height of very varied and beautiful imagery. Having reached the sky-country from the branches of one of the miraculous trees which had obligingly walked up to the top of a lofty mountain, the boy, Leo, had a golden opportunity of watching the grand fantastic shapes and combinations of magnificent colours which even ordinary mortals, like ourselves, can from our humbler position detect in the grouping of the clouds under brilliant sunlight. Thus he saw, near at hand, the gorgeous bursting forth of the sun all over cloud-land. The gate into a vast kingdom beyond parted slowly, slowly, till it stood wide open, and the next instant a river of gold poured out through the opening and flooded the sky.

It did not seem to hurt or wet the people, though it flowed just like water, but it sprinkled them all over with golden spray, so that they glittered a thousand times more than they had glittered before. Then figures began to march slowly through the gate. First, came ten splendid purple giants waving gold banners, next, twelve crimson knights blowing golden bugles, then twenty tiny gold and silver dwarfs, rolling and frolicking and tumbling head over heels as they came along. After these walked a hundred silver virgins, with lamps in their hands burning with an orange flame, and following these, a thousand fiery youths swinging censers. Then came a leash of wild horses, snow white, with golden manes and scarlet hoofs, and a little cherub with wings, holding them all in his hand by a silver thread. A team of purple oxen came next, with gilded horns, and their necks wreathed with flowers, and a fool in a scarlet cap and jingling bells dragging them along. Then came an enormous waggon of golden hay, drawn by butterflies as large as ships in full sail, and another of fruits drawn by snails as large as horses. Last of all came twenty thousand golden guards, with lances glittering and silver shields. And then there was a pause. The dazzling procession which had poured through the gate marched across the sky, broke up, and dispersed, the new arrivals mingling with the crowd outside the gate.

This is an effective piece of gorgeous description, but it is succeeded by a still more happy mingling of real with fictitious impressions, caused by the vain attempt to look the sun out of countenance. As the gate through which Leo gazed grew brighter and brighter—

The opening behind it began to burn with so red a gold that Leo's eyes ached, and he had to cover them with his hand. When he was able to look again, he saw the most curious sight. "The sun! the sun!" cried Leo, as an enormous ball of fire rolled slowly through the gate. "A ball of fire!" thought Leo, as he peered at it cautiously

between his fingers. "Yes, but is it not certainly something more besides that? It is a face, a fiery face, and I declare it walks upon legs." And so it did indeed. There were two slender black legs, like those of a spider, straying down to the ground from under the sun's red face, and there were little arms of the same description, which flourished about. As he walked in through the gate, Leo noticed a whole circle of long golden spears which were ranged all round the sun with the points outward. They appeared short at first, but shot suddenly out all over the sky, and Leo got a little stab from them in one of his eyes which shut it up completely. He covered that eye with his hand and made the best use he could of his other, trying to save it from the spears while he watched the movements of the sun. It had curious little round eyes and a wide mouth, and as he rolled his face from side to side he grinned broadly, and Leo saw that it was this grin of his which shed the bright light all over the sky and poured down what we call sunshine on the earth. As Leo was observing this, the sun caught sight of his little head peeping out of the clouds, and winked at him. The violence of the wink quite blinded Leo's second eye, and just as the sun marched away across the sky on his spider legs among the crowd of his attendants, the little boy fell back into the clouds, unable to see anything more.

After a very perilous and slippery existence amongst the clouds which broke away in his hands, the boy caught hold of an errant pair of "beautiful feathery white wings, all tinged and tipped with gold," with which he fared better for a time, and after witnessing sights of ravishing beauty, and encountering such mysterious beings as cloud-men, and storm-children, and hours in form of lovely virgins, Leo at length descends to mother earth again, finding himself without much surprise shot down on the edge of the forked lightning.

Little Queen Pet of Golden-lands was a very sensible and simple-minded young lady, although she had twelve nurses and a hundred and fifty beautiful names, which were all lost as they fell out of the bishop's mouth, and she was the victim of a government, a monster with nine hundred and ninety-nine heads and scarcely any heart; and when her ears were assailed by the sound of frequent bells, she was told it was only the poor—"people who are born to torment respectable folk," said the head nurse. However, the Princess Pet found the wherewith to help them in the shape of numerous gowns, heaps of gold and silver, besides large empty bread-baskets, which spoke out very plainly to her that the late Queen, her good mother, had intended to employ them all in the service of the poor. The

next thing little Pet does is to go and seek the poor, and she meets with the venerable figure of Time, with scythe and watch in hand, who enables her to identify her own existence with that of several poor persons in turn, but to regulate her actions by help of the tiny clock, which goes exactly for a month, and of which she must never lose the key. The Princess thus learns to unite true sympathy with the wisest prudence, and having met and fallen in love with a model of perfection in the person of the young Prince of Silver-country, who of course finds the key which of course she had lost, they join their hands and hearts, and put their heads together, and "made such beautiful laws that poverty and sorrow vanished immediately out of Golden-lands."

Miss Mulholland's third fairy-tale springs from the legend of the city, enriched with towers, castles, bridges, and fine streets submerged for the sins of its inhabitants beneath the waters of Lough Neagh, and presents to us a slight inversion of the Darwinian theory, inasmuch as men gradually degenerated into water kelpies, and swam about contentedly, with fins growing out of their shoulders. One little maiden, however, succeeds in gaining the upper air and its corresponding life, and by her exciting changes of fortune points the moral of the advantages of charity and simplicity over worldliness and selfishness. The concluding story of *Florcen's Golden Hair* exposes the folly and vanity of the rich and high-born, who deck themselves with grand dresses, made too often by the toilsome and ill-requited labour of the half-starved poor.

8.—TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.¹

The name which has been given to this book is suggestive rather of an upward flight into aerial regions in imitation of Montgolfier than of a journey into the interior of Africa on the track of Livingstone; a journey too, which was made by a lady, and was, as far as she was concerned, one of pleasure. The Scotch Missionary Society having heard that the missions in the East of Africa were in a very unsatisfactory state, a minister was sent out to investigate matters, and as it was deemed

¹ *Towards the Mountains of the Moon.* By M. A. Pringle. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1884.

unadvisable that he should go alone, the husband of the writer was appointed to accompany him; Mrs. Pringle, in whom the love of novelty is apparently stronger than the love of comfort, insisted on being one of the party, and in a very readable volume she gives us a glimpse of her experiences amongst the natives.

In explanation of the title we are told that *Lunæ montes* is the name given by ancient geographers to a mountainous locality near the source of the Zambesi River, and the book was so called lest it should be supposed to be an account of missionary enterprise, rather than what it really is, mere notes of travel.

On arriving at the Portuguese settlement at Delagoa Bay, Mrs. Pringle found it amusing to walk about and look at the aborigines, whom she describes as a fine-looking race of gigantic stature, many of the women being over six feet high, the "poor Portuguese looking truly insignificant beside them." She remarks that "not two of the men or women were dressed alike," this variety in their scanty habiliments, which consisted mostly of wild-beasts' skins and feathers, serving probably to compensate for the striking similarity of their features. Of this she says:

A—became annoyed, because, when he had made the acquaintance of natives and wanted to be friendly to them, he had difficulty in distinguishing one from another. He supposed this was owing to their complexion being rather novel to him, till he found that Kumlomba (a chief) made the very opposite remark. He said he had seen a good many of us Europeans and was astonished that we all had such different faces and such different characters (p. 267).

We do not remember meeting with this remark in the accounts given by other travellers, but Mrs. Pringle had abundant opportunities for observation during her slow progress up the river, in a small boat, paddled by a crew of savages, who much preferred rest to labour, and availed themselves of every pretext for stopping at the villages where *pombé*, the native beer, brewed from Indian corn, could be obtained. Go where one will, the craving for intoxicating liquor seems inherent in the human nature. The inhabitants of the villages our travellers passed, and who as may be supposed, crowded the banks to gaze at the unwonted and amusing spectacle they afforded, knew all about rum, and actually got quite excited

when they caught sight of the bottles of filtered water with which Mrs. Pringle was provided. "Great was their disappointment," she says, "when I gave them a little, to discover it was only water. The Portuguese often give them rum if they want them to work harder or do something extra. It is a great pity, as nothing demoralizes them more thoroughly."

The boatmen were on the whole, however, most good-natured; at night they would sit for hours round a fire telling each other stories and singing songs, the words of which were in some cases extemporized, but were set to well-known airs. There was one song which they sang more frequently and with more zest than any other, a free translation of this is given, it runs thus—

Mary I'm lone, mother I've none,
Mother I've none, she and father both gone.
None to pity, none to listen, none to speak to me.
Mute indeed thou, still a mother Mary be.

Even the Protestant cannot fail to see in this song a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and a relic of the time when there were Catholic missionaries on the Zambesi. Perhaps it also contains a reference to the departure of the Jesuit Fathers, who were expelled from the country by the Portuguese in 1760. This mission field has since been re-opened, and the Jesuits have again returned to the scene of their ancient labours. An extract from the letters of these missionaries states that the people evince great eagerness for baptism, and many instances prove that the traditions of the faith still linger among them.

A Portuguese gentleman who asked some of them to assist him in exploring some gold-mines in the district of Manica, which lies to the south of the Lower Zambesi, tells me that they replied, "Yes; but we must have Missa first." They then put themselves on their knees before a tree, and went through some certain form of prayer, and this was believed to be a remnant of the traditions once living amongst them, of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before starting on an expedition. Another traveller heard the words *Ave Maria* still used among them, the mechanical utterance of the words having been continued when the sense attached to them had faded in the lapse of time. . . . At Zumbo, the old church of the Jesuit missionaries and a large bronze bell that once called the faithful to the worship of the true God, are still to be seen (p. 130).

The reader is not acquainted with the decision arrived at by the Doctor of Divinity who was commissioned to investigate

the state of affairs at the mission-station, but he is said to have been far from finding the terrestrial Paradise he expected, and the natives seem to have been not too well disposed towards the Protestant missionaries. Mrs. Pringle tells us something of the opinion these simple but shrewd children of nature formed of them.

It is somewhat difficult to find out generally what the natives think about the mission, as they are too polite to tell us the plain truth to our faces. They cannot understand the missionaries' object in coming to the country. They seem simply to suppose that they are like themselves, a new tribe, come to settle for their own pleasure or profit. They look upon them as wealthy colonists who have many curious customs, most notably that of singing hymns, and who know a great deal about *monkwala*—medicine or magic—and what is best of all, who have plenty of calico to give away (p. 257).

Lamentable indeed is it that the inhabitants of Africa should form their ideas of the Christian religion from such men as are some of the salaried Protestant missionaries, especially as there are many good points in their own natural character. Mrs. Pringle in one place says—

Nothing strikes us more forcibly than the singular unselfishness of these poor savages, for both young and old share everything they get with one another or those around them. Sometimes when I have given a child a biscuit, I have felt quite sorry to see the way in which the poor little thing has given a bit to all its companions, until many a time nothing more than a crumb remained for itself; yet there it was, as bright and happy as if I had given it a boxful to divide among them. In the same way, if an old pair of boots happens to be thrown away, and a child finds them, it immediately puts one boot on one of its feet, and gives the other to a companion, who puts it on one of his, and thus they hobble about all day with them. The next day the boots are sure to be handed on to two others, who again pass them on to two more; and so they go on, until each child in the school has had a turn of the boots (p. 287).

The book ends somewhat abruptly. As will be seen from the extracts given above, it is written in an easy and pleasant style, being chiefly compiled from letters addressed to friends at home. Very little mention is made of the Protestant dignitary who was at the head of the expedition. Whether he quite relished the supervision of his escort is somewhat questionable, at any rate he contrived to travel alone, since he invariably preceded them on the journey, or chose a different route by which to reach his destination.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER DICHAMP¹ has written a most convincing little pamphlet on a point too often passed over in books of Catholic controversy, and which Anglicans love to bring forward against the Church. He proves that even if some of the Popes were uncanonically elected, this does not affect their claim to be true successors of St. Peter, and that even if there was no certain Pope throughout the great Schism, this does not interfere with the legitimacy of the Popes who have ruled the Church after it was healed. We will leave our readers to study his clear and concise argument themselves. It completely disposes of the noisy fallacies of Dr. Littledale and Co.

*The Manual of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore*² gives the programme of the proceedings of the Council which has now been happily realized. Many of our readers will have seen reports of the sermons which were delivered, and the all-important subjects treated of. A memorial volume is to be published by the Baltimore Publishing Company, with the approbation of Archbishop Gibbons, which will report all sermons and other public proceedings of the Council, and portraits of all the Archbishops, Bishops, and Prelates who took part in it. As we may look to this council as a new point of departure for the Church in America, this volume is likely to be of great value and interest.

Among the subjects brought before the Council of Baltimore, that of Catholic University Education was one of the most important. We have received a valuable contribution to this

¹ *Has there been a disappearance of the Papacy?* By the Rev. P. Dichamp, S.J. Leamington Art and Book Co., Bedford Street, 1884.

² *Manual of the Public Ceremonies of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.* Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company.

question in the shape of Bishop Spalding's Discourse³ on the subject in its special aspect as a crying need for priests. It is only in the higher education of an University that it is possible to impart to young ecclesiastics that correlative view of truth which is more important than ever in the present day. It is not in the Seminary, however ably conducted, that is, or ever can be, supplied that general conspectus of the various sources in their relations to each other and in the provinces to which each is united, which it is the special function of an University to supply. Its very name of University implies this. As Bishop Spalding most forcibly expresses it: "The mind thus lives in an atmosphere in which the comparison of ideas and truths with one another is inevitable, and so it grows, is strengthened, enlarged, refined, made pliant, candid, open, equitable." And he boldly adds, we think with good reason, that "when numbers of priests will be able to bring this cultivation of intellect to the treatment of religious subjects, then will Catholic theology again come forth from its isolation in the modern world" (p. 25). It is undeniable that one of the chief sources of strength to Anglicanism is the University training (meagre and un-Catholic though it be) of her clergy. In Belgium the University of Louvain is one of the secrets of the power of religion in that religious country. In England and Ireland the exclusion of Catholics for so many years from University Education has been an indirect and efficacious means of persecuting the Church. American Catholics see with the quick intelligence of Transatlantic perception how important to Catholic interests in the States is a Catholic University. Whether the time has come when it is possible to establish one remains to be seen. Doubtless the Council has arrived at some decision in the matter. At all events, Bishop Spalding's ability and energy is hastening on the much to be desired event.

Messrs. Benziger have published a Commentary on the Apostolic Faculties granted to Bishops, by the late Father Konings, C.S.S.R.,⁴ which will be useful to the clergy not of America only but of all the world. It discusses and decides on

³ *University Education considered in its Bearings on the Higher Education of Priests.* A Discourse delivered by the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, DD., Bishop of Peoria, Illinois, at the Cathedral, Baltimore, on Sunday, November 16, 1884. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1884.

⁴ *Commentarium in Facultates Apostolicas quæ Episcopis nostris concedi solent.* Auctore A. Konings, C.S.S.R. New York: Benziger Brothers. London: Burns and Oates.

good authority a number of moot questions which are wont to perplex the consciences of the clergy in connections with dispensations for marriage, the power of absolving from vows, the evidence required of valid baptism in those received into the Church, &c. An appendix gives the forms to be used in applying for various dispensations.

Father Gavin, the Director of the Gentlemen's Sodality at Farm Street, has compiled a very serviceable manual⁵ for the use of his own and similar societies. Its most noteworthy feature is the full translation of the rules of the *Prima Primaria*, which are here published in English for the first time. They show in a practical way what the organization and actual working of a sodality should be. Of course there are always local circumstances which have to be provided for in organizing any given sodality, but if the rules of the *Prima Primaria* are taken as the basis of the work, the local regulations will only have to deal with certain points of detail, and sodalities using this manual can easily follow the example of the Farm Street Sodality, and have their own special rules printed as an appendix to it. The manual also contains the usual public devotions of the sodalities, the Ordinary of the Mass, the Little Office of the Immaculate Conception (with a translation by Mr. E. Waterton), the Little Office of our Lady, the Office for the Dead, daily prayers, and a selection of devotions for Holy Communion, the Litany of our Lady, the Benediction hymns, &c. The preface contains a sketch of the history of the sodalities, with special reference to the sodalities in England. The book should be in the hands of all sodalists. Even those who already possess the *Libellus* will find the manual a useful companion volume.

All who are interested in obtaining good plays for the stage of a College or for private theatricals will find *Héraclius*⁶ excellently suited to their purpose. It had a well-deserved success the first time it was acted in Beyrouth. The subject is one of historical importance, and the author has done justice to his subject. The story is familiar to our readers. Héraclius, hard pressed by Chosroes and the Persians, who have advanced up

⁵ *Manual for the Use of Sodalities of our Lady affiliated to the Prima Primaria.* With Appendix for the Farm Street Sodality. James Stanley, Manresa Press, Roehampton, 1885.

⁶ *Héraclius, ou l'exaltation de la Croix.* Tragédie en 5 actes et en vers avec chants. Par le Père M. M. Chopin, S.J. Beyrouth, 1884.

to the walls of Constantinople and are in possession of the true Cross, which they carried off at the pillage of Jerusalem, hesitates as to the course to be pursued. Is he to defend his capital or to boldly attempt the rescue of the Cross by attacking the foe? On his decision the tragedy turns. It is full of striking incident, and contains passages of no little poetic beauty.

The Art and Book Company of Leamington are showing great activity in issuing, at a cheap price, Catholic books, pamphlets, altar cards, &c. The *Pictorial Catechism*,⁷ which gives an engraving after the Dusseldorf school for every one of the great truths, combines the double end of fixing on the minds of children the truths inculcated and also making them familiar with a variety of scenes drawn from Holy Scripture and connected with the services of the Church. It costs only 1s., contains over one hundred plates, and will be found very attractive as a means of making the Catechism interesting to its little learners. The same Company have issued an useful Card for servers at Mass, Devotions commonly used for the Way of the Cross, and Office for the Burial of the Dead.

Stories for tiny children are much harder to write than those for children of an older growth. It is a special gift to see what will interest them and fix itself at the same time on their undeveloped minds with permanent and useful effects. *Snowflakes*⁸ is a book of this kind, admirable for nursery reading, a series of simple little word pictures, rather than of stories. But the pictures are well drawn, and convey a most healthy moral lesson.

*Lina's Tales*⁹ are equally simple and pretty, but are also very attractive as stories, and are full of touching and sometimes thrilling incident. *Minette and Fifi* is a story of a child carried off by a travelling showman, *Two Little Donkeys* of a foundling boy. The scene of each is laid in France, and the characters, incidents, &c., are all French. The book will be found a very acceptable present for young children.

If to end with a wedding is the correct thing for a story, Miss Bridges' short tale¹⁰ has a twofold claim to merit, since

⁷ *A Pictorial Catechism*, after original designs, by G. R. Elster. Art and Book Company, Leamington.

⁸ *Snowflakes*, and other Tales. By M. Sinclair Ellison. Washbourne.

⁹ *Lina's Tales*. By Mrs. F. Pentrill. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

¹⁰ *The Brides of Kensington*. By Miss Bridges. R. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, 1885.

it concludes with two of these happy ceremonies. The principal personages in the story are Lord Fitzalan and his sister, the former of whom, a bigoted Unitarian, though he treats his sister with great cruelty and rigour, when she adopts the faith of her friends the Mowbrays, is himself brought to the Church through the instrumentality of his future mother-in-law. Conversions in real life are not always effected so easily and so speedily; a single conversation is sufficient to overcome "his lordship's notorious anti-Catholic prejudices." But the grace of God works in marvellous ways, and perhaps Miss Bridges' story may be a narrative of what she has herself had experience of in her own wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have sent us an admirable series of children's copy-books.¹¹ That enterprising firm have done a great deal to popularize education, and what is more, their books and magazines may always be safely placed in the hands of the young. To provide attractive literature for the people to supplant the pernicious trash which unhappily is gaining ground in England, is a work in which we thoroughly sympathize and to which we desire all possible success. We are glad to recommend their copy-books to Catholic schools and colleges, not for this reason only, but also because of their intrinsic excellence. There is a happy variety in their copies, and the more advanced teach sound sense as well as caligraphy.

¹¹ *Cassell's Model School Copy-Books.* Cassell and Co., London and New York.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the last issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* in 1884, Father Langhorst concludes his examination and exposition of the Spencerian system of philosophy. This so-called Religion of Agnosticism, which would set up the "unknowable" in the place of God, is termed the "child of the past and the father of the future," for it is to be the religion of the future, when, by the progress of science, and advance of exact thought, men's minds are sufficiently enlightened to receive it. Father Langhorst handles the subject with great ability, and pronounces this system to be the most deplorable and portentous aberration of modern philosophy, a symptom of the mental sickness of the present day, and a striking exposure of the hollowness and falsity of modern unbelief. Some archaeologists have thought that the splendid shrines, jewelled reliquaries, and elaborate processional crosses with which Archbishop Egbert of Treves enriched his own and other continental dioceses were of Byzantine workmanship, but they are now stated to have been fabricated by German metal-workers, under the immediate supervision of the prelate. The episcopate of Archbishop Egbert marks an epoch in mediæval art; the chronicles record the magnificence of the art treasures added by him to the Cathedral of Treves. When the wave of Revolution rolled over the Continent, sweeping away time-honoured institutions and stripping off ecclesiastical ornament, the valuables of the Cathedral, packed in twenty-four waggons, were sent for safety to Ehrenbreitstein, but did not thereby escape seizure; the only memorial of bygone glory which the Chapter succeeded in regaining being the celebrated shrine of St. Andrew. Father Meschler contributes a meditation for Advent on the Incarnation of the Son of God, in its effect on the present state and future destiny of mankind. Father Baumgartner gives an account of the constitution and government of Iceland, in connection with the opening of the *Althing*, or Parliament, at which he was present; he also entertains us with a humorous description of his first attempts at horsemanship, while making an excursion into the interior of the island.

Dr. Rolfes comes forward in the pages of the *Katholik* in vindication of the Aristotelian teaching in respect to a Divine

Ruler of the universe, which he considers to have been somewhat misrepresented by Dr. Stöckl in his recent essay on the subject. He maintains that the latter is not justified in stating the theories of the Stagyrte to be antagonistic to truth, as in reality they only fell short of it, and they form the basis of the Thomistic philosophy; he quotes the authority of Kleutgen, who declares that the only question on which Aristotle enunciates a positively false theory, is on the eternity of matter. The controversy regarding the *causa formalis* of our adoption as the sons of God, which has already occupied considerable space in the *Katholik*, appears to be degenerating, as such polemical articles are liable to do, into angry disputation. The discovery in the Vatican Library of fifty MS. commentaries on the *Summa*, written by some of the most celebrated theologians of the University of Salamanca, will prove a great acquisition for the historian of modern scholasticism. This collection was made by Cardinal Ascanio Colonna, during a long residence at Salamanca whilst he pursued his theological studies. A short account of the state of the University in the sixteenth century, when it exercised a widespread influence through the teaching and explicit statement of truth by which the crop of new errors were combated; and the notices of the principal theologians and their works, of great biographical and bibliographical interest, will be continued in the next number. The *Katholik* also calls attention to a new Life of St. Frances Romana by a monk of Solesmes, Dom Rabory, which contains more ample and instructive information respecting this remarkable Saint than any heretofore published.

The closing of the Turin Exhibition with much pomp and official ceremony, in the presence of the King, royal Princes, and high dignitaries, calls forth some remarks of a highly disapproving nature from the *Civiltà Cattolica* (Nos. 827, 828). That this National Exhibition—coming only three years after that of Milan—would prove a failure, was foretold in the pages of the *Civiltà*, and this prediction appears to have been realized; the shareholders are out of pocket, the exhibitors disappointed. The distribution of prizes was swayed by favouritism, Catholic competitors being antecedently excluded from the list of the winners. The exhibits in the Industrial Department showed little progress; in that of the Fine Arts decadence was painfully apparent both in motives and treatment; the statuary outraged good taste and even ordinary decency; the pictures were merely

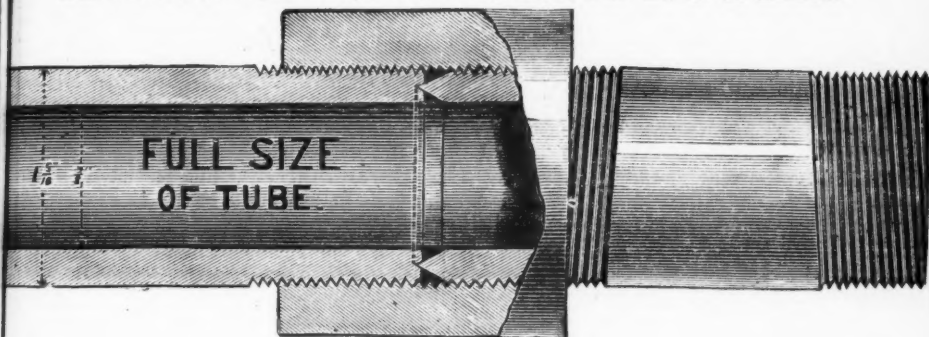
representative, lacking the idealism of true art. And this is termed the Resurrection of modern Italy! At the end of the year, the *Civiltà* casts a comprehensive glance over the present state of affairs on the Continent. Everywhere it sees the world divided into two hostile camps—that of the Church and of Freemasonry. The aim of the latter is to disintegrate society, and separate man from God; and therefore with diabolical ingenuity and assiduity it makes continual war upon the Church. Seated at the helm of the State, it banishes religion from the schools, sways public opinion by means of the press, fosters democracy and revolt, and poisons the very blood of the country where, as in Italy, it obtains this unhappy ascendancy. What are the tactics of the Church to be? She must oppose her enemy with similar weapons, with schools, books, associations for the defence of the faith, conferences, missions, prayer, and good works. It belongs to Revolution, as the writer of another article tells us, to break with the past, and as Italy is especially rich in Catholic traditions, it is all the more lamentable to see her weakly burning incense to the idol of clay, surrendering to the enemy who tramples down the glorious memories of the primacy which it was once her boast to hold in religion, science, letters, and art. On the other hand, it is cheering to observe that the tercentenary of St. Charles was kept with great solemnity and magnificence throughout Italy, where his good works will never be forgotten. The usual appeal is made on behalf of the despoiled and distressed Italian nuns, whom the Holy Father, in his Brief of the 7th of October, commends to the charity of the faithful. Some letters are quoted as proof of the extreme gratitude with which alms are received in the various convents which the miserable pittance allowed by the Government barely suffices to furnish with their daily bread.

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